MING-KWONG ~ CITY OF THE MORNING LIGHT

MARY NINDE GAMEWELL

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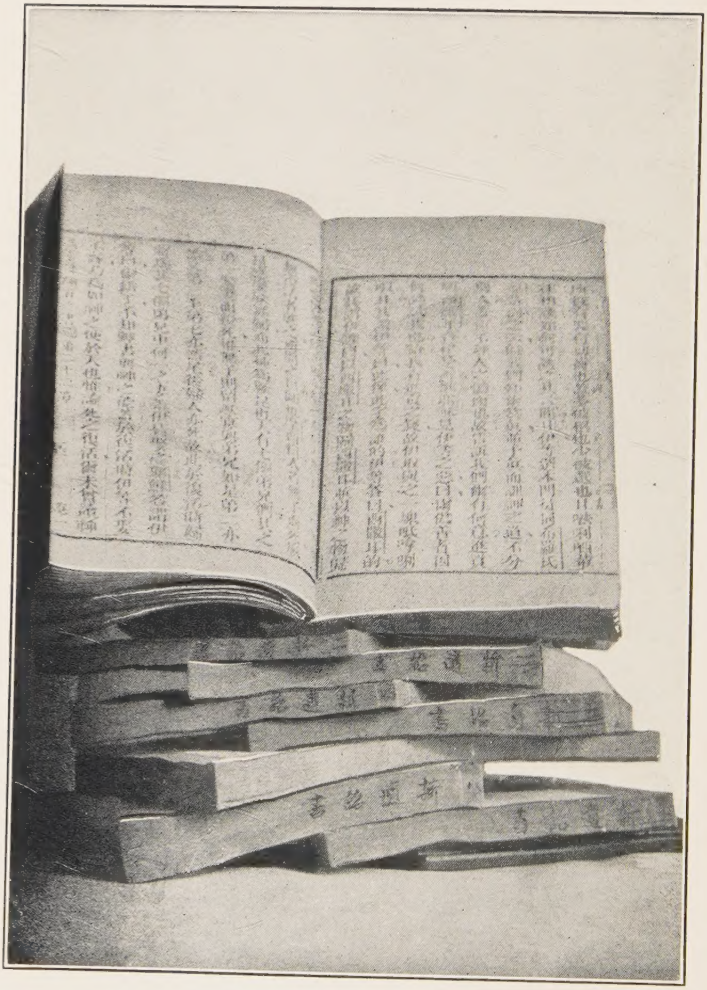

FIRST EDITION OF ROBERT MORRISON'S BIBLE

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Ming-Kwong:

"CITY OF THE MORNING LIGHT"

By
MARY NINDE GAMEWELL

The first Chinese character is composed of the two characters for the sun and the moon and means brilliant. It is read Ming. The second is the character for light. It is read Kwong. The two combined mean "Brilliant light." Hence the city to which the Eternal Light has come may be designated "Ming-Kwong, the City of the Morning Light."

See e.1.

Published by
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West Medford, Mass.

1924

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To my dearly loved friend of many years
LILLIE R. POTTER

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FIRST EDITION OF ROBERT MORRISON'S BIBLE.....Frontispiece

There are in all twenty-one Chinese paper-covered books, worn and yellow with age. The book at the top is open at Isaiah, 35. These priceless treasures are guarded with jealous care at the British and Foreign Bible Society's headquarters in Shanghai.

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A part of an iron-studded door may be seen on the left. In a number of walled cities an effort was made to induce the chief magistrate to permit the doors of one of the gates to be closed in the daytime, that a picture might be taken of them for this book. But such an unusual request invariably brought a prompt refusal. "If the gates are shut before night," the official would declare, "the people will know an enemy is approaching and be panic-stricken!"

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concrete study book for use in their program meetings and in the study classes for young women. This book will meet the need, and while it is written in a very simple and direct style, it contains profound truth and its religious message is direct and unmistakable.

There will be no need of a special book for girls this year for every girl will love to go back to the beginnings with Mrs. Gamewell. It was Youth that began fifty years ago in China and built up foundations on which Youth today must build.

Outlines and suggestions precede each chapter and will link the story with that of your Missionary Society, leading back to the beginnings of your Board in China and bringing to memory the pioneers and those who have for fifty years brought the morning light to the Chinese people.

Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, *Chairman*
Miss Gertrude Schultz, *Secretary*
Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook, *Treasurer*
Miss Alice M. Kyle
Mrs. N. Walling Clark
Miss O. H. Lawrence
Mrs. A. V. Pohlman
Miss Emily Tillotson

The Central Committee on the
United Study of Foreign Missions

Schools of South Africa.

OLD CITY GATE: HANGCHOW, CHEKIANG PROVINCE

PREFACE

THIS book is the story in brief of the development of missionary work, from early days down to the present time, as seen in and around a single composite Chinese city. Ming-Kwong has no definite location, though it is supposed to be somewhere in Central China, and since manners and customs vary widely in different parts of the country, I have been at particular pains to attach nothing to the city which might not properly belong there. Care has also been taken to avoid anachronisms.

There is one point which I wish to make perfectly clear. While the book, at the special request of the Committee, has been written largely in narrative form, there is not a statement in it, nor an incident, which is not true; all are not merely based on fact, but the facts themselves. Even the most casual remarks put into the mouths of the various characters have actually been made sometime, somewhere. So the story from beginning to end is real history. It would have been easy to draw on my imagination, but with such a wealth of historic material at hand, that was unnecessary. Besides, I have more and more regarded my task in the light of a sacred trust committed to me by those who could no longer speak for themselves, and often have seemed to hear voices

out of the past saying, "Write of us faithfully, truthfully," and this I have conscientiously tried to do.

My one great difficulty has been the problem of selection. Always so much to say and so little space in which to say it! The embarrassment of too great riches increased sensibly after 1900, when fundamental changes, crowding events, unforeseen developments, new and almost startling movements, rose up for mention in dizzying array. Simply to record these one after another, without comment, would have filled the later chapters; to add enough description to make them interesting to the home constituency was impossible. So it was necessary to choose. As I have reviewed the written chapters, and then glanced over my pages and pages of unused notes, it has seemed to me I have omitted things that ought to have gone into the book; yet, on the other hand, I was never able to see just what could be taken out to make room for them.

There is another matter of which I wish to speak, having in mind more especially the Chinese who may chance to read this book. I think none of the Chinese I know—and I am rich in friends—would for a moment question my love for China and my deep love and admiration for the people. Their virility, patience, loyalty and innumerable other fine traits, make an appeal that grows upon me the longer I live among them. Not for the world would I intentionally hurt their feelings. Throughout the book I have sedulously avoided using incidents that, while true, were either exceptional or needlessly harrowing. Yet I have had

to relate life as it was formerly lived in China and is lived today. Old customs die slowly here, and some, like foot-binding, which the present-day student class would fain believe extinct, still flourish in many parts of the interior and are likely to do so for years to come.

Far more than I have written could be told of the sacrifices, sufferings, and persecutions of the early heroes and heroines of the Cross who helped plant Christianity in China. It has been the privilege of the Church in the West, in spite of mistakes, and oft-times of failures, to make a vast contribution to the Church in China, both through her missionaries, and the money she has poured into the field; gifts not alone or chiefly of the rich but from the needy poor who gladly sacrificed comforts in order to lay their mites on the altar. Now a new day has dawned and the indigenous church is born. No right-minded missionary but hails it with rejoicing and is ready to pass over to the Chinese, as fast as they are able to assume them, the burden and responsibility of self-propagation. It is perhaps well, for us all, missionaries and Chinese of this newer day, to spend a short time reviewing the past, "lest we forget."

To the many Chinese and foreigners, who with unfailing kindness have turned aside from pressing duties to give me the help and information I sought, I cannot adequately express my gratitude. The hours spent sitting at the feet of aged missionary saints, laid aside it may be from active work but a benediction to all around them, and listening to their reminiscences of bygone days, will ever be hallowed memories.

Special thanks are due Rev. C. G. Sparham and Dr. R. C. Beebe, both missionaries of forty years' experience in Central China, for their kindness in reading the chapters in manuscript, and offering valuable suggestions. If the perusal of this little book, and the further study it may lead to, brings even a measure of the spiritual blessing I have received in preparing it, I shall feel that my prayers have been answered.

M. N. G.

1807-1861

OUTSTANDING MISSIONARY EVENTS

1807 Robert Morrison reached Canton, China, September 7.
1812 British and Foreign Bible Society sent first agent to China.
1813 Robert Morrison published New Testament in colloquial dialect.
1814 First Chinese Christian (Tsae-Ako) baptized by Morrison.
1821 Morrison completed Chinese dictionary.
1823 Old Testament printed in 21 volumes.
1830 Arrival of first Americans (Messrs. Bridgman and Abeel, A. B. C. F. M.).
1835 Peter Parker, first medical missionary, opened hospital.
1835 American Baptists sent first missionary.
1835 American Protestant Episcopal Church sent two missionaries, Canton.
1835 American Southern Baptists sent first missionary.
1838 American Presbyterians sent first missionary.
1842 Reformed Church in America began work.
1844 First boarding school for girls in China opened, Ningpo.
1847 American Methodist Episcopal (North) sent first missionary, Foochow.
1848 American Methodist Episcopal (South) sent two missionaries.
1853 Hudson Taylor arrived in China (C. I. M.).
1858 First Theological Seminary (American), Foochow.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL EVENTS

1812 Edict against Christianity.
1842 Treaty of Nanking. Five treaty ports opened (soon occupied by twelve missionary societies); China ceded Hong Kong to Great Britain.
1844 American and French treaties with China, giving them same rights of trade in open ports which she had granted Great Britain.
1850 T'ai P'ing Rebellion.
1857 Second Opium War with Great Britain.
1860 Treaty of Peking signed; helped open China to foreigners.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER I

I. A day in Ming-Kwong: a city of darkness.

II. Robert Morrison reaches China.
   A. Study of Chinese.
   B. Bible translation and printing.
   C. Baptism of first convert.

III. Peter Parker: first medical missionary.

IV. First woman missionary in China.

V. Opium war: five ports opened to foreigners.

VI. Increase in missionary force and operation.
   A. Medical work in Shanghai and Peking.
   B. Cities in interior visited and work started.

Special Topics

Relate this chapter to the beginnings of your denominational work in China.

1. Locate on a map your first mission station in China.
2. Your first missionaries; length of time to reach China; character of their work; privations.
3. Attitude toward single women missionaries.
4. History and work of British and Foreign Bible Society and American Bible Society.

NOTE: Write to your Denominational Board for this information.

CHAPTER I

1807-1861
"In the Land of the Shadow of Death"

IT was early dawn of a March morning in the City of Ming-Kwong. Past its massive, ancient walls rolled a swift flowing river on whose bosom floated crafts of many and curious designs. Although a few stars were still discernible in the sky, quite a crowd had already gathered on both sides of the principal gate of the city. Those within were chiefly travelers impatient to start on their journey, some on foot, others on wheelbarrows, one, an official in a richly curtained sedan chair attended by his mounted bodyguard—while outside were farmers with country produce, donkeys carrying bundles of underbrush or split firewood, and a drove of black pigs fattened for the market. The gatekeeper, asleep on his rude couch, at last awoke and, crawling sleepily from the padded quilt in which he had snugly burrowed during the night, thrust a key into the giant padlock and with the help of his aides drew aside the long wooden bar that released the ponderous, iron-studded doors. Slowly and laboriously they were swung back against the inner walls, the eager people only waiting for the merest opening to begin hurrying in and out.

Soon the city was everywhere astir. Heavy planks, that at night shut in the exposed fronts of the shops,

were taken down one by one, fresh vegetables, fish and fowl set forth in tempting array, and counters cleared for trade. Young boy apprentices, routed unceremoniously from bed, started on their long day's work. Tea shops early engaged in a thriving business, coolies, hawkers, and farmers pushing their way, noisily, to seats about the square, worn, wooden tables. Rice was put to steam in round wooden pans and toothsome looking cakes were fried in shallow iron basins over charcoal fires.

Higher rose the sun in the heavens, but few of its rays penetrated the alley-like passageways, across which were stretched from roof to roof a covering of coarse bamboo matting or blue cotton cloth. Back from the streets, in quarters dark, damp and noisome, swarmed multitudes of human beings, the families of the small shopkeepers. In one of these homes, just as the city gates swung open, a baby breathed its last. It was a boy, an only son, and hearts were heavy. But there must be no show of grief, for did not the death of the little one prove conclusively it had never been a real child but the incarnation of the family's worst enemy, man or devil, and hence something to be gotten rid of at once and speedily forgotten? So the body was wrapped in a piece of matting and a menial carted it away with other dead babies to a place outside the city walls, where it was thrown carelessly on the river bank.

By six o'clock, from many directions came the shrill voices of schoolboys studying aloud their lessons in the Chinese classics. Dingy and cheerless were the

schoolrooms, tedious the hours and severe the masters, but no pity was wasted on lads fortunate enough to acquire learning, that most coveted of all possessions. Ming-Kwong boasted of many mature scholars, but only one with the Hanlin degree, the highest prize in the gift of the nation. Though poor in wordly goods he was the city's honored citizen and deference such as might have been shown an emperor was paid him by old and young. Day after day he sat at his desk, hollow-chested and anaemic, the long finger-nails of the scholar who would stoop to no manual labor encased in protective silver sheaths.

As the morning wore on numerous wedding processions were seen on the streets, for astrologers had pronounced this a propitious day for marriages. Toward noon a timid little bride from a well-to-do family was carried in a gorgeous wedding chair amidst a gaily fantastic entourage to the home of the parents of the bridegroom. Awaiting the newcomer the mother-in-law sat in dignified seclusion, regal head of a household numbering more than a hundred. With her rested the future weal or woe of the young bride. Should she elect to be harsh, yes, cruel and merciless, forgetting the time when, a frightened girl, she in her turn entered upon this new experience, misery ending in death by her own or the mother-in-law's hands might be the bride's lot. There could be no intervention on the part of the husband, whatever his personal feelings, for to protest, even mildly, against unkind treatment accorded his wife would be to lack in filial piety and this was an unpardonable sin.

Shops selling opium had a steady patronage and so did the opium dens, filthy, haunting spots, totally dark save for fitful gleams from the tiny lamps burning beside each reclining occupant.

One of the liveliest places in the city was the courtyard of the principal temple, sacred to Ming-Kwong's tutelary deities. Filled with tables and booths where could be bought almost every variety of food and commodity known to China, it was, as usual, thronged with idlers, gambling, sipping tea, quarreling or watching the tricks of traveling jugglers. Occasionally a few strolled inside the temple, and taking several cash from the long string carried for convenience' sake over the left shoulder, bought from a gray-garbed, shaven-headed priest, a handful of incense sticks to burn in front of one of the idols. Presently a woman entered, slipping quietly in from her sedan chair through a side door. She was accompanied by a young slave girl, panting, flushed and faint with weariness, for had she not measured her length on the ground all the way from her mistress's home, nearly a mile away? The act was in vicarious fulfillment of a vow made by the childless mistress some time before. This woman was young and might once have been pretty, but now her face was sad and drawn. Before the Goddess of Mercy she cast her offering, then bowing with her face on the cold stone pavement, she plead in anguish again and again, "O Goddess, grant me a son, grant me a son!"

Unusual excitement pervaded the precincts of the yamen, official headquarters of the magistrate of the

city. A visit was expected from a high official of the provincial capital and elaborate preparations were being made to receive him. Soon he arrived attended by a great retinue, including servants bearing fans, tobacco, water pipes and other comforts, and was met by Ming-Kwong's magistrate at the yamen gate, where after many formal salutations, he was escorted to the seat of honor in the guest room and served with tea and confections.

As darkness fell, flickering lights from small pewter lamps filled with vegetable oil, in which floated tiny wicks, made it possible to continue business. But ere long the street traffic ceased, sounds of revelry died down, and shopkeepers brought out the planks that closed in their premises and slipped them into their grooves. Then, except for a small light issuing here and there from some bakery or restaurant or a shop making bean curd, the city was clothed in midnight blackness. Belated pedestrians, carrying paper lanterns, hurried to their destinations. Suddenly from a humble dwelling on a side street rang out the agonized shriek of a child. A brutal father was beating the little daughter whose stifled moans and sobs had disturbed his rest. Ten days before grandmother Wang had declared, with grim determination, that the time had come to bind the feet of Mei Hua. The girl bore the ensuing pain well, till tonight it seemed unbearable. When the seven-year-old saw the bamboo stick about to descend on her, she cried in frantic protest, "These are not tears you see on my face; it is just my eyelids perspiring!" But the baby subterfuge did not save her.

At nine o'clock the city gates swung to on their rusty hinges, and over the lock was pasted an official seal which might not be broken till the following morning. Ming-Kwong slept heavily while overhead the silent stars kept watch, and the angels of heaven looked pityingly down on a city whose inhabitants had never known the world's Saviour nor once heard proclaimed the Evangel of Peace.

* * *

INTERLUDE

"The People Which sat in Darkness saw a Great Light"

CANTON was an exclusive old city in 1807 and the Cantonese a proud, haughty people. The few British and American merchants who were permitted by the emperor of China to invade this one spot of the nation and build warehouses and residences, on land especially allotted to them, were regarded with ill-concealed hatred. Trade with these white-faced foreigners was profitable, but never should they be allowed to pass within the battlemented walls of the city nor tread its narrow, dusky streets. They were tolerated, not loved.

Then one September day another man from the outside world made his appearance, a mild-eyed, comely youth of twenty-five. His presence was noted at once, for every white face in the settlement was well known, and no stranger could slip in unobserved and unchallenged. What might be the particular business of the new arrival! The resident foreigners treated

him kindly and gave him simple lodgings in an American factory, but still he seemed not to be one of them. Was he a spy on mischief bent? It was decided the barbarian must be closely watched, and the heart of Robert Morrison, pioneer missionary of the Protestant Church to China, grew heavy within him as he looked into the hard, shrewd faces of those among whom he had come to live and labor.

How was he to begin his work? The foreign merchants were friendly enough but shook their heads dubiously and gave him little encouragement. The London Missionary Society had sent their herald forth, but after that they could only follow him with their prayers, and he was left to blaze his own trail. Many a night as the young missionary lay on his cot, unable to sleep, his heart was uplifted in an agony of prayer for light on a way of approach to the Chinese people and deliverance from almost overwhelming loneliness and depression. Three centuries earlier, the Jesuit Father Valignani, after more than thirty years of unavailing effort to gain an entrance to the mainland of China, cried aloud in anguish of spirit, "O Rock! O Rock! when wilt thou open!" His grave is on the island of Macao, near the southern coast of the land of his hopes, and there Robert Morrison, too, was laid to rest in 1834, yet having lived long enough to see the wellnigh impregnable Rock begin to yield, though there was in his day scarcely more than a crevice.

Morrison soon became convinced that his first and all-important task was to translate the Bible into

Chinese, and in order to do this it was necessary for him to know well, not only the language of the *literati* but the colloquial speech of the common people. But where was he to find a teacher? The difficulty of securing one grew to be an almost insurmountable obstacle, for though Canton was full of men quite capable of teaching Chinese, every one approached on the subject turned resolutely away. And who could blame them, since the government had fixed death as the penalty for teaching the language to any of the despised, undesired foreigners? At last, after long search, and by offering as remuneration what seemed a fabulous sum of money, Morrison succeeded in finding a teacher, who, however, took the precaution to carry secretly about with him a dose of poison that he might commit suicide in case of discovery.

With "patience that refused to be conquered, diligence that never tired," the young missionary pursued his study, and made rapid progress, for he was a natural scholar and, besides, had had a little start in the language before leaving England.

On Sundays his books were laid aside, though there was no Christian service to attend. He tried to open one for foreign business men in his own rooms but met with rebuff. His Chinese teacher, the "Boy" who made his bed and cooked his simple meals, and the coolie who brought his fuel, he was sometimes able to detain for a short exposition of the Scriptures, but, as a rule, they preferred to go out. So he held a service for himself, singing a hymn, reading the Bible, singing another hymn, and engaging in prayer and

meditation. Morrison was never permitted to preach openly in Canton. He did later conduct services for congregations numbering sometimes as many as twelve, but they were usually held behind locked doors and liable at any time to be rudely interrupted.

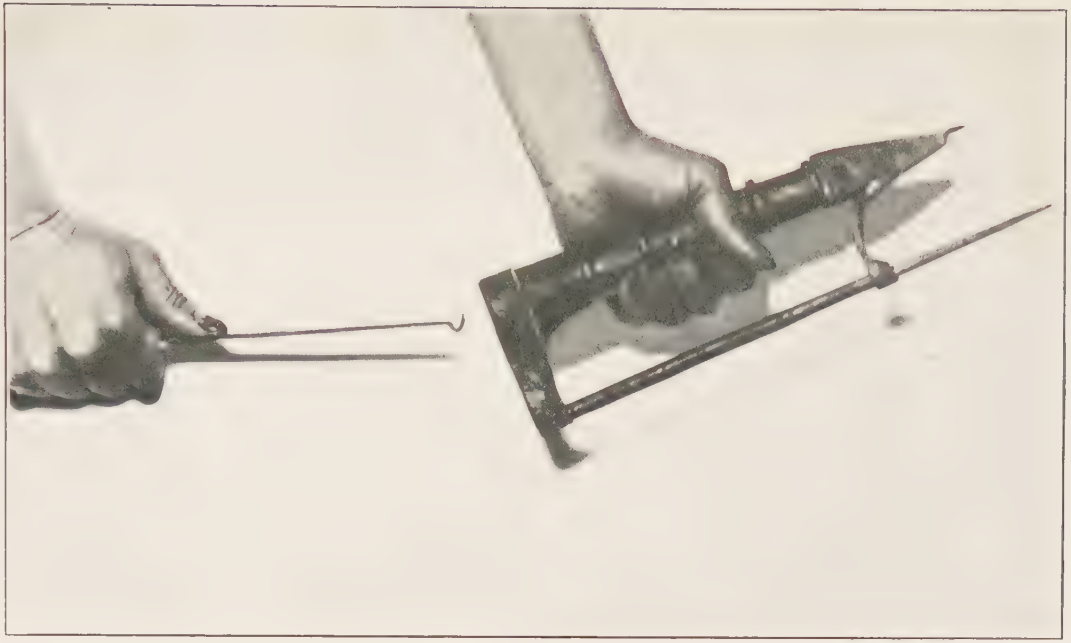
His bare living quarters were at this time, in very truth, his little world, for partly because of close application to his books, but more through a fear of further exciting the animosity of the Cantonese, he kept closely indoors. Shortly after reaching China, with the idea of making himself as inconspicuous as possible, he had adopted the native dress, cultivated a cue, and allowed his finger nails to grow long after the manner of a Chinese scholar. Also, in order to keep down expenses, for his budget was small, he lived on Chinese food, and that of the cheapest kind. As a consequence, he finally grew so weak he could scarcely walk across the floor of his room, and it was necessary for him to modify his manner of living. Still Morrison toiled perseveringly on toward the goal he had set for himself.

A great joy came into the life of the lonely man when in February of 1809 he was united in marriage on the island of Macao to his "beloved Mary," daughter of a resident Irish gentleman. But the wife could not accompany her husband to Canton, for no foreign woman was permitted to show her face in that city and each year, during long, dreary months, the young couple were compelled to reside apart. Morrison's first-born son lived only a few hours, and there is infinite pathos in the brief recital of how the father,

at first under strong protest from the Chinese, who objected to the burial, carried the little body alone to the top of a hill on a distant part of the island and there dug its grave and laid it away.

The work of translation went steadily forward and by 1810 the Book of Acts was finished and one thousand copies printed on a native press. That was a signal victory but a far greater one was achieved when three years afterward the entire New Testament was ready for the Chinese printer! Meantime the emperor in Peking, alarmed at reports that reached him from the south of a growing toleration of Christianity, issued an edict making the promulgation of the Christian doctrine or printing of the Scriptures a crime punishable with death. Nevertheless two thousand copies of the New Testament were secretly printed, although Morrison trembled with anxiety till the last sheet was off the press. It was not until 1822 that the translation of the entire Bible into Chinese was completed.

Printing the Scriptures in China was from the beginning costly work. The Chinese were handling a prohibited book and charges must be commensurate with the danger involved. Had it not been for the British and Foreign Bible Society, that grand old organization whose contributions could always be relied on, the work might have been long delayed. At the China headquarters of the Society in Shanghai there is carefully preserved a copy of the first edition in Chinese of the entire Bible. One looks with reverence on these books, worn and yellow with age, almost



PADLOCK OF ANCIENT CITY GATE

too precious to handle. What years of unremittent toil they represent, much of the time at night by the dim, uncertain light of a small earthen lamp, during the tropical heat of summer and penetrating chill of winter, in loneliness and weariness, discouragement and sickness, that the Word of God might be given to the Chinese in their own tongue. Other and better translations of the Bible followed that of Morrison and now in these latter days the Chinese are desirous that an indigenous translation be undertaken by their own Christian scholars, but China owes a debt of gratitude to the noble pioneer it can never repay.

For years the distribution of the Scriptures was confined almost entirely to Chinese living outside of China proper, as in the Malay Peninsula and contiguous islands, and it was not till 1826 that copies began to drift into China, carried there by Chinese returning to their native land. The American Bible Society in time helped finance the printing of the Bible, and Morrison was permitted to see, as he jubilantly expressed it, "my former labors on the Holy Scriptures being multiplied by thousands!"

In the summer of 1814, on the island of Macao, Morrison had the unspeakable happiness of baptizing his first Chinese convert. Seven years is a long time to wait, but the joy finally experienced was full compensation. Writing to one of his home secretaries, the missionary says of the baptism, "It was at a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill, away from human habitation," and adds, "May he (the convert) be the first fruits of a great harvest, one

of millions who shall believe!" A friend who visited Morrison and saw something of his labors afterward wrote of him, "I could almost wish for an angel's pen to convey all I was made to feel."

"God buries His workmen but carries on His work." At the time the first Protestant missionary to China died, there were in the whole empire only two representatives of any Protestant missionary society and but three church members, while the opportunities for evangelistic work were almost as few as when he landed in Canton twenty-seven years before. But the day Robert Morrison's eyes closed in death, a young man of rare promise was already crossing the broad Pacific on his way to China, a recruit of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Peter Parker was to have the distinction of being not only the first missionary doctor to go from America to China, but the first of any nationality to that country.

Embarking for the other side of the world was a momentous event back in 1834. It was not known when, if ever, one would return to his homeland and kindred. Parker wrote to a sister shortly before sailing, "The time is near when we must say farewell—a long farewell till we meet in yonder world." As he lay down to sleep his first night at sea, "There came to him the awful realization of the fact that it was now certain he would look upon his mother's face no more till he should behold her in the land of everlasting rest." But his "call" had been clear and the young missionary carried a brave, stout heart. In his little cabin he carefully stowed away his few medical

books and surgical instruments, priceless possessions. During the long voyage, when weather and health permitted, the Doctor held religious services with the passengers and crew, besides being called on for considerable medical aid.

Just before midnight on the 26th of October, at the very landing in Canton from which two months before the body of Robert Morrison had been conveyed in a native barge to Macao for burial, Peter Parker stepped ashore, and another chapter was begun in the missionary history of China. A memorable date in that chapter was November fourth of 1835 when Parker opened the doors of the free hospital which ere long was to make him the best known foreigner in the country.

The hospital was housed in a large building outside the city walls, for no foreigner might yet live inside of them—and rented from a wealthy Chinese merchant. This man Howqua—his name deserves to be recorded—as soon as he learned what kind of work was done in a mission hospital, gave the premises free of rent until they were burned twenty years later. The hospital was generally regarded by the foreign community as a very doubtful experiment, and the Chinese at first held aloof from it. What could induce a man, they asked themselves, to bid goodbye to home and friends and come to China to heal the sick? It was all against nature and he surely must have some evil, hidden motive, consequently he was watched with cold suspicion. It was necessary for the Doctor to walk softly those days and exercise all pos-

sible tact and wisdom, for he well knew that the least false move might result in bringing his work to an end.

During this trying period one friend stood solidly by him and that was an American merchant who, not content with making donations himself to the hospital, urged others to do the same. Inspired by his example and the confidence he showed in the enterprise, many well-to-do Chinese were led to subscribe generously. This Mr. Olyphant—his is another name worthy of mention—was from the first a strong supporter of Protestant missions, and during his lifetime gave free passage across the Pacific to more than fifty missionaries and their families on his good ship "Morrison."

The hospital specialized in surgery and eye diseases and soon thousands were flocking to its doors. They came from far and near, the rich and the poor, and many camped for hours outside the gates patiently waiting for admission. How one lone man, unaided except occasionally by community doctors in special operative cases, was able physically to bear up under the load, seems little short of miraculous. But never was a work more providential, for it proved to be the long-sought key that was to unlock the door to the hearts of the Chinese. Preaching of the Christian doctrine excited suspicion and was not easily comprehended. But relief from pain, healing, restoration of sight, these things were different. The way in which the people trusted the Doctor, his skill, his good intentions, particularly in surgical cases where it was a question of life and death, was remarkable. Gradually

prejudice and misunderstanding between the Chinese and missionaries began to pass away and more cordial relations were established. As Dr. Parker used aptly to say, "I opened China at the point of the lancet."

This first missionary hospital, now known as Canton Christian Hospital, is still doing business,—not on the original spot, for that place was abandoned after the fire in 1856,—but since 1866 in a central location a little back from the river front. Rarely is there an empty bed among its three hundred or more, and crowds of men, women and children daily visit the dispensary. All running expenses, except the salaries of the foreign members of the staff, are entirely met by the Chinese. Not a boatman on the river but knows the site of the hospital, no matter how ignorant he may be of other localities. There is talk of removing the plant to more spacious grounds farther away from the centre of the city, but it is a comfort to believe that a dispensary will always be maintained on the present historic spot, where through the years unnumbered multitudes have come for healing and gone away sound in both soul and body.

Sitting in the hospital chapel where convalescent patients, and doctors and nurses, Chinese and foreign, in spotless white uniforms, gather for morning prayers, with the tumult of the busy streets but a faint distant murmur, how one is lifted out of the present and carried back in imagination to the day when this hospital threw open its doors and the first patient, a timid woman, ventured hesitatingly in! Some say the present equipment is not sufficient, nor the methods

the most modern and scientific. Be this as it may, as long as there is a Canton Christian Hospital, the sick, the halt, the lame and the blind will continue to throng its doors, for they love it and believe in it. To the masses of the people, who know little or nothing of the Christ, it stands as a living witness to the truth of the words written in both Chinese and English on a tablet over the main entrance, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

An unexpected furlough was forced on Dr. Parker in 1840 because of disturbances due to approaching war between England and China. The summer of that year he reluctantly sailed for home, but the event resulted most happily for him as he was able to return in 1842 with a wife. The doctor and his bride, hearts palpitating and uplifted in earnest prayer, sat quietly on the vessel that was bringing them up the river, crowded with gaily painted junks, slowly moving barges, and fish-tailed sampans poled hither and thither by shouting boatmen. That was a red letter day in the lives of the young couple and also in the history of China, since for the first time a foreign woman was about to set foot on its shores. How would the high-strung, conservative Cantonese receive Mrs. Parker? Initial steps are apt to be hazardous, and this was such an amazing one. On reaching the landing the doctor and his wife walked quickly to the residence of a friendly American. A crowd gathered but made no disturbance, some merely remarking, "The doctor has come!" The merchant Howqua at once sent to know

if the lady meant to stay in the city or was there merely for a visit, adding that if she purposed remaining precautions must be taken to prevent a riot when she went abroad. But Mrs. Parker hastened to reassure Howqua by telling him it was not her intention at present to go at all out of doors. As soon as the two missionaries were alone, they knelt in prayer and consecrating themselves anew to God thanked Him for their safe arrival. The next day, which was Sunday, Dr. Parker wrote in his journal, "Thus far hath the Lord helped me, and at length my desire is realized of being permitted, with my dear wife, to reside in Canton."

The bonny, black-eyed bride, standing before the marriage altar of her home city, doubtless little realized what it was going to mean to be the first woman missionary in the great land to which she and her husband had dedicated their lives. A rapidly increasing host followed in her train, but Harriet Parker led the way and mighty was the rent made in Valignani's Rock when she passed through the hitherto closed door of woman's opportunity in China.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on life during those early days in Canton as we read that it became the habit of many of the foreign women residents, when they walked on the streets, to carry in their hands bouquets of flowers. The Chinese are extremely fond of flowers, and it was found that the bright-colored blossoms made an appeal stronger than words and did much to remove prejudice.

The Opium War closed in 1842 with the treaty of

Nanking, which stipulated that five port cities should be opened to foreigners for trade and residence. This conflict, sad and regrettable as it was, thus resulted in wonderfully enlarged opportunities for the missionary. The treaty ports were Shanghai, Ningpo, Foochow, Amoy and Canton. While for years foreigners had been permitted to reside outside the walls of Canton they were now for the first time given the right to live and work within them. Hardly was the ink dry on the official document that opened the new cities than plans were made by the missionaries to enter them.

In this connection it must not be forgotten that, long before the Treaty of Nanking, certain intrepid souls, consumed with a desire to spread the Gospel, had sailed up and down the coast, even venturing to visit a few inland towns and villages, and giving away Scripture portions and tracts with such brief explanations as were possible.

Nor would we be unmindful of the devoted labors of many a self-sacrificing Jesuit and Franciscan Father, who in still earlier days, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, traveled over China, preaching the Word, and often suffering cruel martyrdom.

Missionaries settled in Ningpo and Amoy in 1842, in Shanghai the next year and in 1847 in Foochow. New and little known as was the China field, recruits were never lacking, heroic volunteers who heard and promptly obeyed the clarion call to press forward into the regions beyond.

Evangelistic and medical work usually went hand

FIRST MISSION HOUSE IN HANKOW:
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

By Courtesy of the Religious Tract Society, London

in hand. Dr. William Lockhart, the second missionary doctor to reach China, opened a hospital in Shanghai the year the city was occupied. His is a never to be forgotten name in medical missionary annals. Sent out by the historic London Missionary Society in 1839, he showed himself a born pioneer. After engaging in considerable medical work in the south and spending a number of years in charge of the hospital in Shanghai, he pushed up to Peking and was instrumental in opening a hospital in the storied capital almost as soon as it was made accessible to the outside world. Later his name was perpetuated in Peking in connection with Lockhart Union Medical College under five Mission Boards, and continued to be used till that institution was absorbed in 1921 by the Peking Union Medical College of the Rockefeller Foundation.

The Shanghai hospital proved a tremendous success from the start, patients crowding to it in great numbers the first year and its fame spreading all over the province. One of the best things it did was to incite many prominent Chinese to engage in good works. One group in particular, not to be outdone by foreigners, opened a free dispensary which was visited once in five days by eight or nine native practitioners. It at least was a move in the right direction. As in Canton, so in Shanghai, medical missionary work was found to be just the salve needed to allay the prejudices of the suspicious, hostile Chinese.

Hospitals and dispensaries from the beginning were quite as much evangelistic as medical centres. Of the hospital at Ningpo, a typical instance, it was reported

—"Patients are admitted by tens into the prescribing room and before being dismissed are addressed by the physician and the native assistant on the subject of religion. Each is exhorted to renounce all idolatry and wickedness and to embrace the religion of the Saviour. Tracts are given to all who are able to read."

By the terms of the Treaty of Nanking, foreigners were prohibited from penetrating more than thirty miles inland. Neither were they allowed to be away from the city where they resided more than twenty-four hours. But much can be done in a day and over a stretch of thirty miles. So reasoned the undaunted missionaries, and, in order not to lose a single precious hour, they were in the habit of starting on their evangelistic trips at midnight, and traveling till dawn. From daylight till dark they spent the time preaching and distributing Scripture portions, then retraced their steps, reaching home the following midnight. Years afterward, when all of interior China had been thrown open without reservation to foreigners, the unexpected receptivity of the people generally, and the ready approach to them, was distinctly traceable to the labors of these faithful missionary pioneers.

The awful carnage and devastation of the Taiping Rebellion, lasting from 1850 to 1864, received a momentary check in 1861 when in the city of Tientsin a ratified treaty was signed which brought to an end the second war between Great Britain and China. In Shanghai, a hundred missionaries had for some time been cooped up, driven there from their various stations by the exigencies of war, and were praying un-

ceasingly for deliverance in the words of their veteran leader, "O Lord, open China and scatter Thy servants!"

In the meantime, the British and Foreign Bible Society's cylindrical printing press, turned by water buffaloes, was kept busy early and late, printing Bibles for distribution among the Taiping rebels. A million copies was the goal, though it was never quite reached.

When the glorious news came to Shanghai that seven more cities along the coast and the Yangtze River had unlocked their doors to foreigners, the missionaries' supplications changed to songs of praise and thanksgiving, and the "scattering" for which they had been pleading began at once by intrepid Griffith John turning his face toward Hankow, six hundred miles from the sea. Nominally, all China was then open to the foreigner but it did not become so in reality until 1876, when another treaty was signed following the murder of Mr. Margary, a British envoy, near the borders of Burmah.

* * *

The years came and the years went, and still each morning and night the iron-ribbed gates of the city by the inland river swung open and shut, while ever the pitying angels looked down on a people "having no hope and without God in the world."

* * *

"How shall they believe in Him whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?"

MING-KWONG WOMAN WATCHING FROM A SAFE DISTANCE THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGE "FOREIGN WOMEN DEVILS"

1863—1877

OUTSTANDING MISSIONARY EVENTS

1862 Hospital and two dispensaries opened at Peking (L. M. S.).
1863 Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
1869 American Presbyterians (South) began work.
1872 United Presbyterian Mission in Manchuria opened.
1873 First woman physician appointed to China (M. E.).
1874 First Anti-Foot Binding Society, Amoy.
1874 First Woman's Bible Training School, Swatow.
1876 American Bible Society began work.
1877 Christian converts reckoned at 13,000.
1877 First national missionary conference, Shanghai.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL EVENTS

1862 U. S. passed law forbidding American vessels to transport Chinese subjects (Coolies) to any foreign port to be held for service or labor.
1864 King of Annam ceded Cochin China to France.
1867 Anson Burlingame negotiated Burlingame Treaty with U. S. This helped make China known and respected in the western world.
1869 Suez Canal opened, shortening route to China.
1876 Woosung-Shanghai R. R. ten miles long; first R. R. in China; bought by China from owners and torn up.
1877-78 Great famine in Shansi and Shensi due to drought; eight million died; missionaries rendered great service in relief work and won lasting gratitude of Chinese.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER II

I. Missionary call and voyage to China of the Gladdens.
   A. Struggles with language and health.
   B. Appointment to Ming-Kwong.

II. Beginnings of a mission station.
   A. Difficulties and privations.
   B. Establishing a missionary home.
   C. Day school for boys.
   D. Street chapel.
   E. First convert baptised.

III. Efforts to reach the women: first girls' school.

IV. Country evangelistic work.

V. Opening of medical work.

Special Topics

Trace the development of your denominational work in China from 1863 to 1877 in one station.

1. Story of the privations and problems of your early missionaries in interior China.
2. Your first school for boys; for girls; when; where.
3. Beginning of your medical work: name of doctor; equipment; results.

CHAPTER II

1863-1877

"How Beautiful upon the Mountains are the Feet of Him that Bringeth Good Tidings, That Publisheth Peace"

A MISSIONARY, home on furlough after years of pioneer service in China, was giving an address in a populous American city. In the audience, near the front of the hall, sat a father and son. The eyes of the fourteen-year-old lad were riveted upon the seamed, worn face before him as he listened with breathless attention to every word. Silently the two wended their way homeward at the close of the meeting, till, just as the door latch was about to be lifted, the boy stopped, and, looking up at the older man, exclaimed with suppressed feeling, "Father, may I go to China and help that missionary? Father, *I will go!*"

Twelve years rolled by and one bright September afternoon in 1863 two young people stood on the doorstep of the parental home of the bride of a few weeks. They were about to sail for China. The little hair trunk bequeathed by grandmother had been packed with clothing especially designed for use on shipboard. The partings with the groom's people were over and now the moment had come for bidding a long farewell

to the family of the young woman. The mother's heart almost failed her as for the last time she folded this beloved daughter to her breast, but the father, as he laid his hands in solemn benediction upon her, said reverently, "I would rather you should go with Robert as a missionary to China than go as wife of the ambassador to any kingdom on earth!"

Little was known about the land toward which the faces of the outgoing missionaries were turned. Although fifty-six years had rolled by since Robert Morrison entered China, and thirty-three since E. C. Bridgman, the first American Missionary, had joined him, most of the world was still woefully ignorant concerning the "Flowery Kingdom." Scarcely a book had been written about it. Furloughed missionaries who could spread information were few and so were descriptive missionary letters. Even the secretaries of Mission Boards had a very limited knowledge of the country. How far away it seemed and what a daring thing it was to sever all home ties and journey thither! But faith was strong. "May God go with you!" cried a little group of friends as the ship left its moorings. "Yes," responded the young wife brightly, "with us, surely, and He has also gone before us!"

Five months is a long time to spend at sea in a small sailing vessel. There were days of terrible storms when a watery grave seemed imminent, and periods of such complete calm that not even a zephyr inflated the quiet sails. Drinking water became scarce and the food palled. "I know I shall never want to eat salt tongue again as long as I live!" laughed the pallid

POSTAL COURIER CROSSING A RIVER IN SZECHUAN, WEST CHINA

By Courtesy of the Director General, Chinese Postal Administration

little bride one day as she pushed her plate of meat away untouched.

But at last the voyage drew near an end. In February the China coast was sighted, and without stopping at Canton the ship sailed north to the beautiful harbor of Amoy where the captain cast anchor for a few hours. A small boat was seen to put out from shore and make for the vessel. Our missionaries, Robert and Sue Gladden, leaned excitedly over the gunwale and watched. "Can those people be....., yes, they *are* foreigners, *missionaries!*" Happy tears flowed unheeded down more than one face as hands clasped hands and words of heartfelt greeting were exchanged. "You can't know how we have watched for you!" exclaimed a woman's voice. "We heard last year from home that you would be sailing in the autumn and were so thankful one more *woman* was coming out," said another, pressing Sue's hand lovingly.

"Have you brought us any mail?" one of the men queried eagerly of an officer of the ship. A package of letters was handed him with the kind remark, "I hope this time there is something for all of you, and only good news."

"How about potatoes? Haven't you some you can spare us?" spoke up a young fellow. "Not a potato, I am sorry to say. Our supply gave out long ago." "We get so hungry for Irish potatoes," explained an Amoy missionary to the newcomers, "they can't be had here."

The ship continued on its way up the coast to where

the waters of the yellow Yangtze join the sea, when it was not many hours before Shanghai was reached and the long journey came to an end. At the landing another company of missionaries joyfully welcomed the pilgrims, who soon found themselves seated in the living room of a simple but comfortable mission house. The chill February air went to the very marrow of Sue's bones and shiveringly she drew nearer the stove in which a coal fire was burning. Her hostess ran a motherly hand up Sue's sleeve. "My dear child," she told her, "you are too thinly dressed for our Shanghai winter weather. I must buy you some flannels at one of our English stores. You will find two things are needed in China, flannels and patience, particularly patience!"

How like manna to a hungry heart was this loving care and counsel! For the little wife was homesick, more homesick and mothersick than she would have been willing to confess to anyone but God. The older woman talked on quietly with an understanding born of experience. "I was a young thing in my early twenties when I reached China seventeen years ago, and I had a baby less than a year old in my arms. The voyage had run me down badly—I see it has been a bit hard on you"—tenderly stroking the shining head—"but in those days there was only a handful of missionaries in town, and I was told I must get enough of the local dialect in three weeks to set up housekeeping on my own account. I didn't live in this foreign style house then. Dear no! Our home was in a noisy, ramshackle building belonging to the Chinese,

and overrun with rats. I used to be terribly afraid of rats. I hope you don't mind them?" and merry eyes looked down into questioning ones.

Sue was silent for a moment. "Do you know what our work is to be?" she asked. "You are to stay for the present here in Shanghai and study the language. No real work can be done till you know Chinese." "And then?" "I have heard that you and Mr. Gladden are to be sent into the interior. You remember we are not now confined to the coast cities. One who hasn't lived here can hardly realize what this larger opportunity means to us who have so long prayed for it," and Mother Helpful's eyes filled with tears. "You are to go," she continued, "to an unevangelized city by an inland river, the city of Ming-Kwong."

"Do you mean that the people there have never heard the Gospel message? that we shall be the first to proclaim it?" Sue's face grew luminous. "No missionary has ever been inside its gates, nor any Christian. One of its citizens, a druggist, had occasion not long ago to visit Ningpo on business, and while there went several times to a Christian service. He seems interested and friendly and we are hoping he may be a help to you in getting the work started." "It is for just such an opportunity Robert and I have been hungering. O think of the joy of telling the Old, Old Story to a people who have never heard!" Mother Helpful looked thoughtfully into the eager face. "You will meet with hardships, perhaps persecution. God alone knows what awaits you in your untried field. Have you counted the cost, my child?" "When Robert and

I dedicated our lives to China," Sue replied softly, "it was with a willingness to receive the baptism by fire if only we might win souls. We long for our thousands," she added. "But is not the saving of one, only one for whom Christ died, worth coming to China for?" "Yes, yes indeed, yet is it wrong to pray for thousands?" "No, and God grant you may have them!" breathed Mother Helpful fervently. "Now let us tell the Lord of the Harvest all about it." As the shades of evening gathered, the two women knelt side by side, the arms of the older encircling the form of the younger, while "Heaven came down their souls to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat.'

From February on through the debilitating heat of their first summer in Shanghai, Robert and Sue kept at the study of the language under a Chinese teacher of Mandarin. The grave Oriental, wearing immense goggles, his finger nails like elongated talons, with a perfectly impassive countenance pronounced the "tones" which his scholars tried their best to imitate. To the eager young couple, impatient to be in active work, language study proved little less than a dull grind. Their enthusiastic interest in the strange, new life about them gradually wore off, and day followed day with increasing monotony. "Can't you write us more entertaining, newsy letters, something we can share with our friends in the church?" once gently chided Sue's father, to which the daughter replied, "We get up, study Chinese, go to bed; get up, study Chinese, go to bed, and that is all there is to tell except that in trying to get the sounds given by our

teacher we are twisting our mouths into all sorts of queer shapes." In after years, Mr. and Mrs. Gladden used smilingly to refer to those early experiences, as "our holding-on times."

The middle of August Sue was smitten with a low fever which obliged her to give up her study. Robert, too, being far from robust, was advised to try the effect of a country trip. He was delighted to have the opportunity of accompanying an older missionary up the Yangtze River to Hankow where he met great-hearted Griffith John, of whose incessant labors and many narrow escapes from death while itinerating in Central China, he had often been told. He also became acquainted with Mrs. John, a devoted soul of whom one of the Chinese helpers said, "I have heard much *about* love but I never *saw* love till I knew Mrs. John." Coming back, a week was spent in Soochow, a rich conservative city, along whose intersecting canals, clogged in many places by decomposing animal and vegetable matter, the missionaries were poled in sampans. The intense heat, often contaminated food at the inns, and disease germs present everywhere, so weakened Robert that hardly was he back in Shanghai before he came down with an attack of cholera which nearly cost him his life. Strength returned so slowly that he was sent to Chefoo, a city on the northern coast, to recuperate.

While he was gone, Mrs. Gladden gave birth to a little son and when, after several months, Robert returned in much improved health, he was greeted by a radiant wife with a precious baby in her arms. There

were no deep-sea cables to flash the blessed news across the Pacific, but as fast as a sailing vessel could carry it around the Cape of Good Hope, it was hastened on its way to anxious, waiting hearts in the homeland. Nearly a year had now passed since Mr. and Mrs. Gladden's arrival in China and the time seemed ripe for them to begin their work in the city of Ming-Kwong.

In view of the uncertainty of the reception that would be accorded them, it was decided that Sue should remain with the baby in Shanghai till Robert and a young single man, Henry Cross, who was to be his colleague, had effected an entrance and secured living quarters. It was late in January when the two men set forth, traveling most of the time on foot or in wheelbarrows. The chill rains of February soon set in, drenching downpours that soaked the ground and made it most difficult for the travelers to keep their footing on the narrow ridges of earth separating the paddy fields. Indeed, more than once they slipped and fell into the slime below. Their nights were spent in noisy, comfortless inns along the way. One evening, after tramping sixteen miles through the rain over very bad roads, the tired missionaries came to an inn packed with opium smokers and so unspeakably wretched, that with one accord they turned away, praying in their hearts some other place might be opened to them. Lodging was finally secured in an adobe hut on the outskirts of the town, where the owner generously surrendered his own bed to his guests, and gave them a supper of coarse rice and

bean curd in return for a few cash. Before leaving the next morning the travelers learned they had been entertained by a leper.

At last Robert and Henry, traveling by a small river boat, their straining eyes fixed on the view ahead, drew near to Ming-Kwong just as the sinking sun was bathing the city's western wall, and the picturesque pagoda on the hill above it, in a flood of glory. Coolies who had accompanied them from Shanghai to help carry their necessary luggage showed signs of nervousness and urged the missionaries to keep out of sight. The Chinese dress they had been advised to wear for a time, enabled them to pass unnoticed; so the first night was spent in peace, quietly moored to the shore.

The difficulty of gaining a foothold in Ming-Kwong was fully as great as Robert and Henry had been led to anticipate. Days passed into weeks and weeks into months, before they were allowed to sleep inside the city walls. The druggist inquirer was soon located but dared not publicly show himself a friend of the hated intruders. One man was finally persuaded to rent a house to them but scarcely had he done so when he hurried to the prospective tenants and falling on his knees besought them with tears to give up the premises as his relatives threatened to kill him unless he broke the contract. The situation became more and more nerve-racking. Finally, when faith and patience had been tested almost to the breaking point, a sallow-faced opium addict, in need of money and anxious to get rid of a haunted shop which neither he

nor anyone else dared occupy, granted the missionaries the use of it though it was some days before they ventured to take full possession.

During this long period of waiting the young men had not been idle. Each day they spent hours threading the narrow streets of the city and its populous suburbs, preaching and distributing Scripture portions and tracts. To make themselves heard at all by the noisy rabble, it was necessary to speak with stentorian voices. When the throat of one gave out the other began. They were obliged to keep constantly moving lest the throngs pressing about them should become too great and turn into uncontrollable mobs. Again and again they were driven out of the city gates amid a hailstorm of stones and clumps of mud. Once each man was caught by his cue. Robert's was quickly pulled off, but Henry's, which had been more securely fastened in place, held tight till he feared the Chinese would tear away his scalp in their efforts to get it. Another time, when the maddened crowds were about to kill the "foreign devils," they managed to break away and rush to the yamen, or official headquarters, shouting "*Kiu-ming!*" "*Kiu-ming*" "Save life!" "Save life!" a cry which they had been told every Chinese magistrate is bound to respect.

Back in Shanghai, Mrs. Gladden, anxious but prayerful, kept busy with home cares, language study and some clerical help she was able to give overtaxed missionaries. Few letters passed between Robert and Sue for there was no organized postal system in China and what mail did go back and forth was carried at

considerable expense by the special couriers of Chinese mercantile firms.

It was not till October that Mr. Gladden was able to return to Shanghai for his wife and child, leaving his colleague and the druggist Wang, now a sincere believer, in charge of the newly-started work in Ming-Kwong. The miserable house Robert and Henry rented from the opium smoker had been greatly improved by a thorough cleaning, new paper windows and several coats of whitewash. The ground floor was reserved for a street chapel, while the young men slept overhead in a room reached by a stepladder. With no ceiling above them, the place was stiflingly hot in summer, and rest at any season was difficult with ubiquitous rats scurrying to and fro and frequently nipping the ears and fingers of the sleepers. The troublesome rodents, too, did not hesitate to make raids on the missionaries' few material possessions, chewing up in one night a pile of Robert's carefully hoarded pocket handkerchiefs. Before setting out from Ming-Kwong Mr. Gladden had succeeded in renting another house a little away from the centre of the city. Its rooms opened on the four sides of an inner, brick-paved court. There were no outside windows, and the low, overhanging tiled roof kept out so much light that except on very bright days the rooms were dull and gloomy. During the rainy season it was necessary to have lamps burning much of the time.

Here Robert settled his little family, bringing them into the city one evening just before the gates were shut, in a closely-curtained sedan chair to escape ob-

servation. The quarters were rather cramped, for Mr. Cross occupied a bedroom and tiny study on one side of the court, while another side was given up to a newly opened day school for five lively boys, sons of the druggist, the cook, and the caretaker at the street chapel. From morning till night, Sue was obliged to listen to lusty young voices shouting aloud the day's lessons, till she sometimes felt as if her throbbing head would burst. But not a word of complaint escaped her lips. On the contrary, it was about this time that she wrote home to a sister, "Don't say a word to me about self denial! I am happy, supremely happy! To be again with Robert, to share his burdens, and to prepare myself to do some work by and by among women and girls, what more could I ask?"

For weeks Mrs. Gladden did not step outside the mission premises. Fresh suspicion had been aroused by her arrival, the news of which spread rapidly, and, had she been seen abroad, Robert feared not only personal injury, but that the work itself might be broken up and all three missionaries driven from the city. Naturally active and accustomed to much exercise in the open air, this confined life soon affected Sue's health and reacted on her spirits. During the daytime she was of necessity much alone except for the Chinese. How she longed for a woman friend! It often seemed to her that were it not for her baby she should lose her reason. She knew such a thing could happen. While in Shanghai she had heard it whispered about that two missionaries, a man and a woman, working in different stations, had become mentally

deranged because of isolation and ill health brought on by hard conditions, and were about to be sent home. It was a distinct relief when Robert learned a way of taking his wife through certain side streets for a daily walk on the city wall.

The family greatly missed various articles of food to which they had always been accustomed—milk, butter, fresh beef, good wheat bread—the native flour was very poor—and in warm weather, cold drinking water. They had brought a few tinned supplies with them from Shanghai, but when these were gone it was impossible to get more. Their first Christmas in Ming-Kwong, Sue surprised the family with a really tasty mince pie, made of kid meat, Chinese brown sugar, and bananas instead of apples.

It was surprising what adepts the missionaries became in all kinds of mechanical work, from binding a book to reconstructing a baby organ. There was nothing they had learned to do in the past which was not found to be an asset in China. Their life, too, developed ingenuity. When finally it was deemed safe to begin holding evening services in the street chapel, the question of lighting arose. The men decided that two or three of the diminutive iron or pewter lamps in common use among the Chinese, and set on the speaker's desk, would do little more than accentuate the darkness. There must be some lights suspended from the ceiling. Resourceful Henry finally hit on a plan. Buying in one of the shops a number of small Chinese tumblers he hung them up by cords and wires, then by means of another wire a wick was sus-

pended in each tumbler and the tumbler filled with vegetable oil. This method of illumination proved a great success, and was followed for a long time.

The street chapel was kept open daily from early morning till dark for preaching and the free distribution of Christian literature. Men and boys came and went, sometimes large numbers quite filling the room, and again a mere sprinkling. The people could not be held for regular services. Often when Robert or Henry opened their eyes after offering prayer they found the room empty. If any came in who showed signs of special interest, they were taken to a corner that had been partitioned off as an inquirer's room, and the doctrine more fully explained. Hot tea and tobacco water pipes were furnished inquirers, after the custom of the Chinese. The druggist Wang was the first Christian to be baptized in Ming-Kwong. He was then a man under forty with a fair Chinese education, and soon made himself indispensable as a lay preacher and evangelist.

While the Chinese were gradually growing accustomed to the presence of foreigners, occasional outbursts of hatred showed that the old fires were still smouldering and kept the missionaries on their guard. A riot occurred on a hot June day of Sue's first summer in Ming-Kwong. Almost without warning, a howling, murderous mob gathered in front of the mission house. "Away with the foreign devils! Kill them! We want none of them!" was the cry that every instant grew louder and more insistent. His face white and tense, but fully master of himself, Robert thought

for a minute, then lifting up his heart in silent prayer, stepped boldly to the compound gate and threw it open. "I invite you in," he said. "Come right in! There is nothing going on here we are not willing you should see." Astonished and abashed, the crowd stood still. Suddenly turning, Robert hurried into the house and snatched his little son from its cradle. "Oh, our baby! What are you going to do?" cried the mother. "Hush! this is a case of life or death," and holding the child in his arms, Robert walked back to the compound, out through the gate and straight in among the rabble.

He began speaking quietly. "This is my first-born, my son. Many of you are fathers of sons, and you know that a son is very precious. Will you kill my son and me when I have only wished to do you good? I came to Ming-Kwong to help, not harm you. Can you say I have done you any harm?" The appeal struck home as Mr. Gladden believed it would. He had lived long enough among the Chinese to know their fondness for discussion and their usually prompt response to reasonable argument. At once a leader in the crowd spoke up, "He is right; the foreign devils have done us no injury." "It is true! It is true! Why should we kill them?" said one to another, and forthwith the mob dispersed. This was the last instance of active persecution in Ming-Kwong.

Robert and Henry had been told before leaving Shanghai that one of the first things they must do after settling in Ming-Kwong was to call at the yamen and pay their respects to the city officials. This they

did, were courteously received and in a few days the calls were returned. The chief magistrate himself was the first to come, in a splendid sedan chair with a numerous escort. His great red paper visiting card had been sent on ahead and the two men missionaries were waiting outside the compound gate to receive their guest with proper ceremony. While sipping tea and munching dried watermelon seeds, the magistrate asked numerous questions, among others, whether the foreigners had received the consent of their king to settle in Ming-Kwong. This gave opportunity to explain briefly why they had come to China and to tell something of the Christian religion.

Soon after this call the official dispatched a troop of servants to the mission house with a gift of six hams and eight boxes of choice tea, a part of which was at once returned as Chinese custom demanded. In his letter of thanks Robert mentioned that he was writing to Shanghai for a spyglass which would be sent with his compliments to the yamen as soon as it arrived. Had the exchange of courtesies between the officials and missionaries continued indefinitely, they would have grown exceedingly burdensome to the latter. As it was they had their embarrassing features. If a caller spoke admiringly of anything his eyes chanced to light on,—a picture, clock, vase,—politeness required that he should at once be presented with it. Requests also came from the officials to borrow certain coveted articles, with the tacit understanding on both sides that they were not to be returned.

Evangelist Wang, who had once been employed in

one of the city yamens, was a great help in explaining to the missionaries the requirements of official etiquette. With the essentials of ordinary Chinese etiquette they were already familiar, and during their entire career found the practice of them an inestimable help in their work. Nothing, it was often remarked, more quickly won the heart of a Chinese, even the most westernized of a later day, than the careful observance of various little rules, like rising to receive a caller, however humble, avoiding when a guest, the honorable seats farthest from the door unless pressed into them, offering and receiving teacups and other objects with both hands, accompanying a visitor not only to the door but out to the street and bowing him away.

After the missionaries had been in Ming-Kwong a little over a year, Mr. Cross brought new happiness into the household by introducing a bride to it. Sue fairly bubbled over with joy, and in a burst of enthusiasm, confided to the newcomer, "Robert is the dearest husband in the world, but every woman I think, craves the companionship of another woman. My heart has often ached for a woman friend to talk to!" It was soon after this that the ladies made definite plans to reach the Chinese women of the neighborhood and open a day school for girls. Sue had attempted some work alone but with no practical results. Even as good a man as Evangelist Wang was horrified at the idea of a school for women. No self-respecting woman, he asserted positively, would think of being seen on the streets, and refused to entertain the idea

of his wife going to the compound for a few hours' schooling each day. Neither was he favorable to her studying at home. "It will spoil her," he affirmed soberly, with a shake of the head.

Though Sue continued her daily walks on the city wall with Robert, it had not been possible for her to go abroad alone. But it was now decided that she and Mrs. Cross might venture on some of the unfrequented streets in the hope of making friends with the women. Chinese women and girls never came to the street chapel and scarcely one had ever seen the face of a foreigner, much less of a foreign woman. So curiosity among them ran high and no sooner did the missionaries step outside the compound than the event was widely heralded. From doorways far down the road eager eyes watched them approaching, but as they drew near the children invariably screamed with fright while doors were quickly slammed in their faces. Sometimes they tried just standing still and smiling in a friendly way with a bit of sewing or tatting in their hands which they hoped would attract the women.

But every effort proved unavailing and as day after day the missionaries wearily retraced their steps they sometimes asked each other sadly, "Must it always be thus?" yet answered their own question with faith's quick response, "A door will surely open to us presently." And it did. Mr. Wang might not believe in education for his wife, but he was finally persuaded to allow his two young daughters to become the nucleus of a girls' day school. These were soon joined by

CHINESE "CASH"; ONE THOUSAND ON EACH STRING

several others, children of inquirers who were regular attendants at the street chapel. The offer of a good noonday meal, of free tuition and books, and, in addition, a daily portion of hair oil to make glossy their raven locks, were inducements not to be withstood. The school was held in the room formerly occupied by the boys who had some time since more than quadrupled in number and were now housed elsewhere in more commodious quarters.

It was several months before the presence of the little girls, who came and went like frightened deer, could be at all relied upon from day to day. The unexpected was always happening. Once when one of the pupils died every child was withdrawn by the panic-stricken parents, in mortal dread of the foreigner's "evil eye." At last the scholars were with difficulty reassembled and all was running smoothly when a man, walking one morning on the top of a neighboring wall, stopped to gaze at the unusual spectacle of girls studying books. A little scholar chanced to see him and reported the incident at home, when again panic ensued and the school was broken up.

The curriculum was simple, the Bible being the chief text book with a smattering of arithmetic and geography. There was no thought in the minds of the missionaries of a general education for girls, their idea being simply to teach enough to enable them to read the Scriptures and church hymns, and to train them to be the future Christian wives of converts.

From the first, country evangelistic work had been carried on simultaneously with work in the city. At

the beginning Robert and Henry took turns in itinerating but after Mrs. Cross's arrival and when Deacon Wang was sufficiently experienced to superintend the mission in Ming-Kwong for a period, the men were often out at the same time though they did not always go together. As the work developed each was able to take with him one or two Chinese evangelists. These country trips left Sue and Mrs. Cross alone for weeks at a time. But they carried brave hearts and insisted that their husbands should go, Sue frequently declaring, "Missionaries who have wives should be as if they had none when the call of duty comes."

The opportunities for country evangelism were enormous. From the top of a neighboring hill Robert and Henry once counted more than three hundred villages. There were besides many good-sized market towns where, on market days, four and five thousand people poured in from the surrounding rural districts. These simple-minded country folk were usually very approachable and friendly. The men made most of their itineraries on foot. Only rarely, to conserve their strength, were sedan chairs used, for they feared this mode of travel might create a barrier between them and the common people whom they endeavored, as far as they could, to meet on their own level.

Six, eight or ten consecutive weeks on the road either toughened or utterly reduced the missionary itinerant. Happily, Robert and Henry throve on life in the open, despite dangers seen and unseen. They took few food supplies with them, depending for the most part on what the country could furnish. The inns were their

worst trial, especially in hot weather. Mrs. Gladden made each of the men a flea bag into which they crawled at night, though the bags did not prove much of a protection, and nothing saved them from rats and vermin. Often so tormenting were these pests, and the braying donkeys, grunting pigs, barking dogs and quarreling opium smokers, that the missionaries would rise long before daybreak and start upon their way, the innkeeper sagely observing to his cronies that of course "these beyond-ocean-men cannot know the sun does not rise in China at the same time as in their honorable country." In winter, exposed as the travelers were to all kinds of weather, they were obliged to dress very warmly, and wore, over the heaviest flannel underwear, trousers and coat lined with sheepskin. Robert usually found that four pairs of woolen socks were none too many.

When the crowds surrounding or following the missionaries were inclined to be hostile, preaching became a severe nervous strain. Sometimes so great was the noise and confusion that Robert and Henry were unable to be heard and all they could then do was to stand quietly and be stared at or submit to a lengthy personal examination of their clothes, hair, and even their teeth. More than once they went from early morning till night without a morsel of food. But no matter how trying their experiences, they were constantly exclaiming to each other, "What pure joy it is, what a glorious privilege, to tell of Jesus Christ to those who have never heard of Him!" Ideas penetrated those untutored minds slowly and infinite pa-

tience was needed. It was Sue's habit when her husband returned from an evangelistic trip to meet him with the eager query, "Any fruit yet?" And always in those early days there was the same reply but in the cheeriest of tones, "Not yet, Dear, though it is surely coming!"

Neither Robert nor Henry had had any medical training, but when Robert went to Ming-Kwong he carried with him a medical book of seven or eight hundred pages called "The Family Physician." This the two men read and re-read till they felt sufficiently familiar with the use of simple remedies to dispense them in the city and carry a few on their evangelistic trips. These proved an unlooked-for help in gaining the confidence of the people. That a little quinine, healing salve, santonine or cod liver oil could be so used of God to disarm prejudice and create friendships was to the missionaries a constant surprise and cause for thanksgiving.

In the summer of 1869, an almost crushing sorrow overtook Mr. and Mrs. Cross in the death of their baby daughter from acute dysentery. The little one had been brought safely into the world a year before without the help of a physician, for the nearest foreign doctor was six days' journey away. Sue acted as nurse and general caretaker, and the baby had done well till its second summer. Conditions in Ming-Kwong were very bad. The heat was great and germ-laden dust was drawn into the lungs with nearly every breath. There were no screens to shut out flies, no ice to furnish cool drinks, no summer resort to flee to for rest and refresh-

PEDDLING CAKES OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MING-KWONG

LITTLE MAIDS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MISSION DAY-SCHOOL

ment. An epidemic of cholera broke out in the city. The missionaries, all of whom were comparatively new to China, failed to understand, as they did later, the necessity for taking various precautionary measures against disease and infection, although they had received warnings from more experienced workers before going to Ming-Kwong. The wonder was not that one little child died during that trying season but that others in the mission did not succumb. The baby breathed its last in its stricken mother's arms at two o'clock on a sultry August morning. Robert and Henry spent the rest of the night making a little coffin and Sue lined it with a piece of cheesecloth she had brought from home. Before the sun had risen far above the horizon a brief service was held, after which a sorrowing company of Chinese friends, Christians and non-Christians, followed the missionaries to a nearby hillside, already honeycombed with cone-shaped mounds of the dead, where a fresh grave was dug and the precious dust laid tenderly away.

This Christian burial, the first ever witnessed in Ming-Kwong, made a deep impression on the Chinese. Through many years Christians visited the little grave from time to time and tended it with loving care. On their way back to the house Robert said to Henry, "We must see the city magistrate at once and make arrangements to secure land for a mission cemetery. This is our first burial, but it will not be our last." Long afterward a party of travelers from the West were visiting, in company with Robert, the plot of ground in Ming-Kwong consecrated to the dead, and

remarked upon the large number of small mounds. "Yes," said the white-haired missionary with feeling, "very many little lives have been sacrificed to open China to the Gospel."

Now that Mrs. Cross's arms were empty she found solace in throwing herself, with new ardor, into an effort to reach the women. A Bible training school for men had been opened some months before and was meeting with marked success. It was increasingly borne in upon the missionaries that China must be evangelized by her own people and to this end native preachers, evangelists, and teachers should as fast as possible be made ready to take up and carry on the work. But urgent as was the call for trained Christian men, the need of Christian women workers was equally acute. Primary day schools for boys had rapidly multiplied till the missionaries felt there were enough feeders scattered over the city to justify starting a graded boarding school which they were planning soon to do. The first little day school for girls had put forth two branches and there could easily have been others had it been possible to secure teachers for them. A woman's Bible school did shortly get under way, though it was not the most promising in the world, for its half dozen students, the wives of mission employees, were old, stupid and ignorant, with minds as bound by superstitions as their feet were with bandages. But it was a beginning, and the missionaries hopefully did their best with the material at hand.

In the autumn of 1871 the group of faithful workers at Ming-Kwong was greatly cheered by the arrival of

a doctor and his wife. Never did new missionaries receive a heartier welcome! The entire Christian staff, Chinese and foreigners, including the boys from all the schools, met the newcomers at the river brink with strings of firecrackers and a native band of music, and escorted them, past crowds of curious spectators, to the mission compound. How conditions had changed since Robert and Henry, seven years before, crept cautiously and unobserved through that same city gate! Truly a new day, and a memorable one, had dawned in the old city of Ming-Kwong.

Pending the purchase of mission property a house next to the one already occupied by the missionaries had been rented for Dr. and Mrs. Wise. It took only a short time to get settled in it, for housekeeping was a simple matter. But women's hands added home-like touches to the meagre furnishings and then there were always flowers. Yes, plants bloomed everywhere, indoors and out, for flowers cost little, the clay pots that held them still less, and their brightness made even the heaviest burdens seem lighter. When, as sometimes happened, flower seeds and slips were sent from home in letters, how tenderly they were cherished and coaxed to live!

The dispensary work that had been carried on by Robert and Henry, small as it was, helped much to prepare the way for the work of a full-fledged doctor, whose coming was hailed with genuine pleasure, not only by the people generally, but by officials, scholars and even the priests. Dr. Wise was soon holding a large daily clinic in a wing of an old Taoist temple.

The fact that worship was going on simultaneously in other parts of the rambling structure did not in the least disturb him or his patients. The inadequacy of the Doctor's equipment might have shocked members of the medical profession in the West, but he afterward declared that some of his most successful operations were performed on the reverse side of a coffin lid for an operating table and with instruments of partial home manufacture.

The willingness of the people, as a rule, to submit to the use of the knife was a surprise. On the whole, they appeared to have more confidence in surgery than in foreign medicine, whose mysterious concoctions could not, in their opinion, compare in efficacy with their own native herbs and drugs. Nevertheless, the amputation of a limb, except in rare and extreme cases, was not for a moment to be considered, since would not its loss make rest in the spirit world impossible for the unhappy sufferer, who must needs spend eternity in a vain search for the missing member of his human anatomy? So strongly was this conviction implanted in the minds of the Chinese that one woman whose bound feet had sloughed off, carried the poor, diseased things to the doctor, beseeching him to fasten them on again.

Among the doctor's most frequent patients were opium smokers, poor fellows who had parted with everything they had to lose, reputation, business, money, often family, and now begged to be cured. By appealing to the head priest Dr. Wise had turned over to him a small room which he fitted up as an opium

BIBLE WOMAN READING THE SCRIPTURES TO A NON-CHRISTIAN IN CHANGSHA, HUNAN PROVINCE

refuge. Nothing was a greater hindrance to the work in Ming-Kwong than the almost universal opium habit. Opium dens met the missionaries at every turn and the havoc wrought by the drug was heart-rending.

While he was kept busy in and around Ming-Kwong with his dispensary work, still Dr. Wise was not satisfied. He longed to get into the homes of the people. But though he sought an entrance, by every means that prayer and consultation with his fellow missionaries could suggest, not an out-call came to him, nor was a single door unbarred.

After the doctor's arrival Robert was able to give more time to country work and was meeting with great encouragement. In one large market town a group of earnest believers had come out boldly and asked for church organization. With no help whatever from Robert they had succeeded in getting possession of an entire Buddhist temple, had cleaned, whitewashed it, and destroyed the idols. The table where formerly the incense burners stood, now held a Bible and hymn book. The stool that had supported the largest idol was made the pulpit chair and the elevation back of it, once covered by a row of placid Buddhas, became the platform where Robert stood to preach. On a never to be forgotten October Sunday the temple was formally dedicated to the worship of the living God. The place was crowded but the only woman present was Sue with a baby in her arms, her second little son.

Since the doctor and his wife had been added to the

mission force, Sue frequently accompanied her husband on short itineraries. Country traveling had grown more safe, and although it was not easy to take the baby, her health required the change. A continuous routine of work, year in and year out, with no rest periods, and no real recreation, left its mark on the missionaries and was particularly hard on the women. Sue enjoyed the country trips in spite of the discomfort of the inns. But while Robert preached to the men, how her heart yearned to tell of Jesus to the women! She often saw bevies of them watching her furtively at a distance, but no sooner would she start in their direction than they fled from her in affright.

On the day of the temple dedication, at the close of the service, she walked out alone on a quiet road, musing and praying. What kind of a church would this new one be, she thought, with no women members? Could the men long remain faithful with heathen wives? And what about the children whose mothers were idol worshippers? Where were to be found recruits for the church membership and how were Christian homes to be established? Sad and puzzled Sue sat down by the roadside to nurse her baby while curious eyes peered at her from the shelter of a mud wall. The eyes soon widened with amazement. Presently a woman stepped out into the road and started toward the stranger; then another and another. Soon she was surrounded by a dozen or more. "Look! she nurses her baby as we do! She is civilized like us!" The women pressed closer, gently stroking the baby's soft cheek and looking trustfully into the eyes of the

mother. At last! at last! the door to their hearts was unlocked. Happy tears chased each other down Sue's face as she whispered softly, "A little child shall lead them."

About this time the Ming-Kwong missionaries were greatly cheered by a visit from an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was rarely that anyone from the outside world came their way and scant news reached them of happenings in other parts of China. Evening after evening during Mr. Alexander Wylie's stay the missionaries gathered about the fire in the Gladden home and listened hungrily to stories that strengthened their faith and gave them fresh courage to carry on the work in their own field.

Foreign and Chinese colporteurs, Mr. Wylie said, had penetrated almost to the confines of seventeen out of the eighteen provinces, going where the foot of no white man had ever before trodden. Like Paul, they had met with thrilling experiences and suffered many things; from infuriated mobs which beat, stoned and cut them with thongs, from dust storms and snow storms, from sleeplessness in high altitudes, from sickness, from perils of travel.

To scatter the Word of God in remote West China, roaring torrents had to be crossed at dizzying heights over bridges made of bamboo poles about three inches in diameter whose ends were stuck in mortices in the rock without any braces beneath; or perhaps the bridge was built of two poles from thirty to sixty feet in length, thrown across the stream from either side and tied together none too securely in the middle.

Dozens of these were traversed where a single misstep meant death. But danger and hardship were forgotten in the joy of service.

Colporteurs preached as they traveled and made many converts. In one district formerly visited it was found that an old man of seventy-four had, by reading his Bible over and over, become a sincere believer and led four men and a woman to Christ. An ordained colporteur, on reaching the place, baptized all six and formed the nucleus of a church.

The Ming-Kwong group listened to stirring tales of Hudson Taylor and his heroic band of China Inland missionaries who were constantly pushing into unoccupied territory and in doing so verily taking their lives in their hands. With dimmed eyes they heard how one couple made their way over almost impassable trails to an inland city in the province of Yunnan, where in a miserable mud hovel, far from friends, deserted by the Chinese, the husband watched forty days and nights beside his sick wife and their puny, new-born babe. Then one afternoon the two partook of the Sacrament together for the last time, the wife with her dying breath pleading that her husband would pray on, hope on, labor on till God gave the victory.

To cheer his listeners, the visitor related an amusing incident in the life of a young single missionary in the north. She had been only a short time in China and was about leaving Peking for her station farther on. Her trunks were all ready to be strapped to the sides of a donkey when she was told that some of her cloth-

ing must be taken out and left behind in order to make room for a quantity of valuable silver bullion. This seemed quite a responsibility to place on such young, inexperienced shoulders but a heavier one awaited them. On arriving at the inn where the first night was to be spent, a male member of the party with whom the lady was traveling brought to her a number of strings of copper cash, saying, "These will be safer with you than with me. On no account let them be stolen, for they must pay for our food and lodging all the way to Kalgan." Left alone, the girl eyed with apprehension the quaint "cash," a thousand on a string, and decided that with such wealth to protect from thieves it would never do to fall asleep. The next morning she took occasion to inquire how great was the sum of money she had lain awake all night to watch, and was told, "Three dollars!" Meanwhile the trunks containing the silver bullion had been left standing unguarded in the crowded courtyard of the inn!

Fragmentary reports had drifted to the Ming-Kwong missionaries of boarding schools for girls that were being conducted in Canton, Foochow, Shanghai, Peking and elsewhere with great success. They asked many eager questions about them, and were told that at the Peking school no girl was admitted unless she unbound her feet, while at True Light Seminary in Canton the principal waived the issue, believing the custom would die out of itself. In Foochow parents were paying a small tuition fee for their children—in addition to providing their books and clothes—a

great advance. The need for women teachers was a pressing one. In Canton the difficulty had been partly met by employing a remarkably bright thirteen-year-old student as pupil teacher of some of the classes, the girl's mother sitting beside her daughter as she taught, to maintain discipline.

The outstanding need of Ming-Kwong, at this critical period, was an unmarried woman worker, and in the autumn of 1874 she came—Hope Welcome—one of the greatest blessings God ever gave to cheer the workers and help forward the work. Up to 1866 few of the Mission Boards were sending single women to China. It was regarded as a venture and a hazardous one which might result in more harm than good. Finally, one of the larger Boards, while accepting single women as candidates, insisted that they must be well advanced in years. It was found, however, that such missionaries, often the salt of the earth in other respects, could not easily learn the language nor readily adapt themselves to new conditions.

In 1871 the Peking government put its stamp of disapproval on the whole matter by issuing a proclamation prohibiting single women from doing missionary work in China. Still they kept coming, though for a time quietly and inconspicuously. The desirability of women, unhampered by family cares, to do an intensive work among women and girls, was becoming increasingly apparent and the call for them each year grew louder and more insistent.

A party of China Inland missionaries brought Hope to a town well on her way to Ming-Kwong, where she

was met by Henry Cross and his wife. It would not have done for Henry to go for her alone. Such an indiscreet act might have wrecked all the work of the preceding years. As it was, the non-Christian Chinese at once took Hope to be Henry's concubine. In their minds nothing could have been more natural. Mr. and Mrs. Cross had now several children but they were all girls. Of course the "Shepherd" wished a son. He was past thirty and it was a law in and about Ming-Kwong that when a man reached that age, without an heir, he must take a concubine. No doubt the *Tai-tai*, his wife, wished him to do so; may, in fact, herself have paid part of the purchase money by selling some of her jewels.

All this was most trying to the sensitive soul of Hope, who took care never to go on the streets with the men or be seen talking to them in public. The day she reached Ming-Kwong, being tired from her journey, she went to her room soon after the evening meal. A great heaviness of spirit took possession of her. Opening her Bible to find a comforting passage she wrote on the fly-leaf: "I shall never have a home in this world. I shall never know happiness except as I find it in the Lord and my work." Hot tears blurred her vision, for Hope was young and life to her was sweet.

But one heart in that compound "understood." As soon as Sue had her little ones in bed, with the intuitive sympathy which made her so beloved, she ran lightly across the court to the girl's room, for a sisterly talk. Putting her finger on a verse in the Bible,

she told Hope, "I call that my 'hold-fast' promise. Listen!" and she read aloud: "And Jesus answered and said, 'Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time * * * * and in the world to come, eternal life.' "

Once again, as years before in Shanghai, Sue knelt beside a fellow-missionary, while the two rededicated life and service to Him who said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

It was the spring of 1877 and an all-China Missionary Conference was soon to be held in Shanghai at which Robert and Sue were to be present. They expected when the Conference closed to sail for home on their first furlough. But instead of cruising around the Cape in a slow sailing vessel, they would this time go direct to San Francisco on a steamer of the Pacific Mail Line. When the line began operating in 1867, what an event it was in the lives of the missionaries who could exclaim joyfully, "Home letters will now reach Shanghai in six weeks!"

Robert and Sue found it harder than they had dreamed to break away from their colleagues and the Chinese Christians in Ming-Kwong. A large company followed them to the boat landing, the Chinese sorrowing most of all for fear they should see the faces of their dearly loved friends no more. Mr. Gladden with his family arrived in Shanghai the last of April and on the tenth of May the Missionary Conference opened.

CHRISTIAN LEPERS IN THE MODEL LEPER HOME AT SIAO KAN, HUPEH PROVINCE

1877—1900

OUTSTANDING MISSIONARY EVENTS

1879 St. John's College, Shanghai (Episc.).
1879 College at Soochow (So. M.E.).
1884 Famous "Cambridge Band" organized.
1886 Canton Christian College opened.
1886 American Student Volunteer Association formed.
1886 China Medical Missionary Association formed, Shanghai.
1888 First School for deaf mutes, Chefoo.
1888 University of Nanking.
1890 Second national missionary conference.
1890 First leper asylum.
1891 Peking University.
1894 First kindergarten in China.
1894 Dowager Empress presented with New Testament.
1900 Boxer Uprising; persecution and massacre of missionaries and Chinese Christians.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL EVENTS

1881 First telegraph line from Shanghai to Tientsin.
1889 Kwang-Su assumed throne.
1894-95 Japanese-Chinese War.
1895 Peace signed at Chefoo, May 8.
1896 Railroad opened to Tientsin from Peking.
1896 Government postal system inaugurated.
1898 Emperor's reform edicts.
1898 Sir Michael Beach announced the Open Door Policy in British Parliament.
1900 Siege of Peking; Empress Dowager fled, August 14.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER III

I. First missionary conference, 1877.

II. Developments in educational work: western methods.

III. Work for Chinese women.
   A. Overcoming prejudice.
   B. Medical aid.
   C. Unbinding of feet.

IV. Reaching the children: the Sunday school.

V. Training of nationals for leadership.

VI. Change in attitude of Chinese government toward things western.

VII. Chinese Christian women present Bible to Empress Dowager.

Special Topics

1. Trace the development in the work of your Board for Chinese women during this period: extent; types of work.
2. Tell the story of an itinerating trip of one of your woman missionaries: difficulties; joys; results.
3. Dramatize the story of the presentation of the Bible to the Empress Dowager.

CHAPTER III

1877-1900

"Put Ye in the Sickle, for the Harvest is Ripe"

ONE hundred and twenty-six missionaries, out of the entire missionary force of four hundred seventy-three, met in Shanghai for the first Missionary Conference in 1877. A few words record the fact, but ah, what a world of meaning lies within the simple statement! There were spiritual and intellectual giants in those days, men and women who lived to make an indelible impress on China and of whom it may be truly said, "Their works do follow them." The Conference was not a delegated body. Most of those present came from the more accessible places—cities along the sea coast and the Yangtze River. Nearly all bore the scars of battle, shown in seamed faces and prematurely whitened hair. But the light in their eyes and the ardor of their spirits nothing could dim or quench. "Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by thy help I'm come;" they sang with thankful hearts and began planning for more sweeping conquests.

The resident missionaries of Shanghai, then a considerable group, opened their homes to the visitors with warm hospitality. Blessed was the Christian fellowship, for national and denominational distinctions were practically forgotten and all drew together

as one family in the Lord. New friendships were formed and old ones renewed. Hands clasped hands after the lapse of years, for there were no conferences, conventions or institutes to bring missionaries together each recurring season, summer resorts did not exist, vacations were unthought of and no one traveled except in the interest of the work or because compelled by illness.

During the ten days the Conference lasted there was opportunity for an informal interchange of experiences which threw much light on conditions in various parts of the field. From the north came stories of floods when missionaries' homes were submerged, whole villages wiped out and country travel made impossible. In the spring, while dust storms were raging, a woman evangelist declared her sensitive skin was so affected by the alkali in the dust she was often obliged to go for days without washing her face, and that at night, in order to protect her hair, she would tie a flour bag over her head, from which a small avalanche of fine sand always slid off in the morning. A missionary in Tientsin told an amusing tale of how, during a time of torrential rains, his house leaked so badly that it was necessary for his wife and child to sleep under their dining table while he reposed on top of it with an umbrella over him.

Down in Canton, the old hostile, suspicious attitude, among a large portion of the populace, still persisted. The principal of True Light Seminary was forced to be almost as much on guard, for the sake of her girls, as when the school was first opened five years before.

Often she would stand at night, with her ear at one of the windows, trying to catch what the people in the street were saying. A mob did once surround the place crying out that they were after heads, fifty dollars for the head of a Chinese Christian, a hundred for the head of a foreigner. But the excitement soon passed.

That very year in the old city of Foochow, so popular had education for girls become, there was not room in the boarding school to receive all who applied for admission, and the unprecedented and unexpected necessity had arisen of having to turn some away.

Though the proud, anti-foreign city of Wuchang, opposite Hankow on the Yangtze River, was opened to the Gospel in 1867, it was not till seven years later that religious services could be safely held at night.

In a single year, a missionary of the China Inland Mission visited more than a hundred cities, towns and villages, in not one of which the Gospel had ever been preached.

Several single women, while itinerating in a small houseboat along the waterways of the interior province of Kiangsi, had met with interesting experiences among the Chinese women, one of whom went so far as to attack the dreaded foreign devils with a rake in defense of herself and family!

Faces grew grave as mention was made of the Tientsin massacre in 1870, when twenty Roman Catholic missionaries and the resident French Consul lost their lives. Almost a pall settled over the Conference, as one and another just back from the famine-stricken

province of Shansi in the north, gave heart-rending descriptions of awful suffering. From nine to thirteen millions of people, it was stated on good authority, were starving. Whole families had committed suicide, while a worse fate befell countless unprotected women and girls. In trying to afford relief, missionaries were sometimes almost torn to pieces by the maddened people and only escaped them by climbing trees. Many of these heroic men died as a result of overstrain, intense cold and typhus fever, but this did not prevent others hurrying forward to fill their places.

From all directions came encouraging reports concerning medical work. Most of the hospitals were small and the equipment very simple. In Shantung a doctor performed his first operation, and a successful one, under an acacia tree. In that same place much good work was done in a room six by nine feet before there were sufficient funds to put up a building of adobe brick, which was used for years. Doctors told how the sick were brought to them on wheelbarrows, pack animals, in carts, mule litters, sedan chairs, on rude stretchers, on the backs of friends, by houseboat and junk. It sometimes happened that as many as twenty-five counties were represented at a single clinic. All missionary doctors were confronted with the difficulty of securing native medical helpers. What training should be given them? How could they be held to the task—in their minds, pure drudgery—of acquiring it? These and many other questions were up for discussion.

The evangelistic side of medical work was strongly

emphasized. Said one, "Our greatest opportunity lies in bringing home to our patients the love of God," and this was the deep-seated conviction of all.

Direct evangelistic work received large attention and called for earnest consideration. "How shall we open a new field?" asked more than one perplexed missionary. "How is one to determine the strategic point in a vast area covered by thousands of towns and villages?" "What is the best way of presenting the Gospel to those who have never heard it?" "How may we hold the attention of the crowds?" "Street-chapel preaching exhausts me almost to the breaking-point," confessed a brother.

But there was also much of encouragement. It was significant that in a number of places Christianity had come to be known as the "Not-to-be-knocked-down-doctrine." A missionary related a touching incident of a visit he had shortly before received from an inquirer. The man said he had seen and read a part of the New Testament but wanted to know more of its teachings, adding that he had already been baptized. When asked by whom, his reply was, "By God." He then went on to explain that, having repented of his sins, he had one day removed his upper garment, and standing outside his door, in a heavy rain, had prayed God to forgive him and thus received baptism. Another story was told of a little company of Christians that, since 1871, had been subscribing yearly thousands of "cash" out of their poverty to support their own missionary in an unevangelized district. Most heartening was the case of

a family in a large city who, after hearing and accepting the doctrine as preached by missionaries, was afterward left without instruction for seven years—the foreigners having been driven away—but remained true to the faith as far as they knew it, the mother each night kneeling in prayer with her children about her.

Many lines of missionary work had not yet passed the experimental stage. All at the Conference were not agreed as to the wisdom of establishing schools of theology, or of so soon permitting Chinese to preach. Neither was there unanimity of opinion regarding self-support, some being strongly in favor of stressing it, and others fearing that to do so would give the people the idea that Christianity was propagated for the purpose of making money. Questions of church polity also arose, such as, "Shall companies of believers be organized on the plan of churches in the West or follow a different model?" "Shall there be union churches, or separate, denominational units?" Thus early did the missionaries face fundamental issues which ever since have puzzled their successors.

The Conference voted to send to the home Boards an urgent request for more single women missionaries, there being at this time in China but sixty-three women workers, not counting the wives of missionaries. So great did all feel the need of pushing work among women and girls, that this action was taken notwithstanding the extraordinary document issued a few years previously by the government's Foreign Office in Peking, one clause of which read, "No Chinese fe-

male shall enter the Christian chapels nor foreign women propagate the doctrine."

While Robert and Sue were attending the Conference, whose discussions they found most stimulating, they met a young missionary couple who were to be their fellow passengers on the homeward voyage but who would not return to China. They learned that the girl, gay and thoughtless, had come to the field as the wife of her husband but without a personal call or any genuine religious experience. They were assigned to an inland station where the wife was thoroughly unhappy. Her husband sent her for a change to Shanghai but the social whirl of the foreign community into which she entered with abandon, made her only more dissatisfied with the life of a missionary and it soon became evident her husband could not continue in his work.

The sad case of this young couple led Robert and Sue to give serious thought to the qualifications necessary in a missionary candidate. They arrived at a few conclusions. First: Though different types and temperaments are needed, all must show, before sailing, unmistakable signs of evangelistic fervor; the ocean trip will not produce that. Second: The "call" to the field may come in a variety of ways, but it must be definite. Mere feeling does not constitute a call. Third: Most important of all, there must be a conscious, vital, inner experience, the touch of God on the soul, and a faith in Him and the fundamentals of the Christian religion which nothing can shake or alter. Then whatever comes afterward of discourage-

ment, difficulty or disappointment, the missionary can say calmly in the midst of the tempest of doubt and fear, "None of these things move me."

Though Mr. and Mrs. Gladden were missed sadly at Ming-Kwong, the work in their absence was continued without interruption. Henry Cross and his wife, whose talents shone brightest in the schoolroom, gave their attention largely to education. There were many day schools for boys scattered over the city, and Henry had just succeeded in opening a boarding school with between twenty and thirty pupils. Stirred by Robert's representations of the needs at Ming-Kwong, one of the home Mission Boards appointed another man and his wife for evangelistic work, who were soon on their way across the Pacific, accompanied by a single woman to be a colleague for Hope. Dorothea was not a whit more consecrated than Hope, but of a less shrinking, retiring nature, and more aggressive in her methods. Each supplemented the other and they did fine team work.

Like all new missionaries, Dorothea had to pass through a trying period of "adjustment." Being of a reflective temperament, she often longed for quiet and a privacy which, in the busy, crowded mission compound, it was very difficult to secure. In those early days she would often slip away to a storeroom shaded by a spreading camphor tree, and thrusting her head far out of the window, turn her eyes toward the wide spaces of the upper air, and there talk with God, think out a solution to her problems and little by little learn to "find herself" in the new environment.

Even while studying the language she was able to help in the day schools and gradually added a few branches of study to the curriculum, for, as the work advanced, girls' education began to take on new importance and to be put on a broader foundation. Heretofore the mission schools had been conducted exactly like the old-time Chinese schools, each child reciting the lesson alone in loud, parrot-like tones, with his back to the teacher that he might not look on the book. Dorothea undertook to introduce class instruction. It was no easy matter to change the inborn habit handed down through centuries from generation to generation, especially as it seemed necessary for the time being to allow the school as a whole to study aloud in the customary way. But Dorothea persevered and it was not long before most of the mission schools in Ming-Kwong, boys' as well as girls' schools, had adopted the new plan.

The young missionary rendered no better service to Ming-Kwong than in teaching singing. She was musical to her fingertips, and some of her home friends, not particularly interested in missions, mourned that she should bury her talents in an interior city of China. But the girl felt sure God had some use for her gift, and He had. She set to work her very first year with the boys and girls of the day schools. There were no music books in the station but Dorothea herself made a blackboard and on it painted staff and notes. To teach the children to sing in unison proved a formidable undertaking, and more than once the missionary's indomitable will almost failed her. But she

persisted with the result that at the end of six months the children were singing in good time and tune the ever-popular hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know."

Meanwhile, the two women had been laying their plans for a girls' free boarding school, and at last it opened in a rented building with seven pupils. This was a small beginning but good for an inland city where the people still looked upon foreigners with much of fear and suspicion. Parents might be willing to send their children to a day school from which they returned each evening, but a boarding school was different. Moreover, girls could not easily be spared from home, where they were useful in watching the family ducks, driving the water buffaloes to and from the rice fields, and carrying baby brothers and sisters around on their backs while the parents worked. Still, in the minds of the Chinese it was no small matter to have the support of the girls taken entirely "off their bodies." The fact that books and tuition were also given free of charge was to their thinking of slight consequence, as education for their daughters other than housewifery and embroidery was regarded as a non-essential; indeed, it might turn out to be a disastrous experiment.

The missionaries were confronted with many difficulties in their new work. It was hard to enforce discipline, especially in the way of regular attendance at the school. All kinds of excuses were given to explain absences, as when a girl, who had been home a week, came back saying that her "fifth mother," a concubine in the household, had been sick and obliged her

to stay away. Good teachers were impossible to find, although one woman who could read and write some in Chinese, was finally discovered after a wearying search. She cultivated long finger nails and was treated by the students with the respect dutifully accorded scholarship.

Hope and Dorothea had decided to make it a rule of the school that all feet must be unbound. But what a struggle followed! One poor mother, a Christian, stood by and wept copiously while the bandages were being taken from her daughter's feet, now and again interrupting the process, so overcome was she at the thought of ruining the child's prospect of securing a husband and of the disgrace that would be heaped upon the family. Sometimes it was the girl herself who objected and secretly replaced the bandages, afterward hiding her poor, aching feet inside natural-sized shoes.

While the missionaries were gladdened by their constantly expanding work for girls, their hearts continually yearned after the women. But now that a second "foreign concubine" had come to town, they seemed to hide themselves more obstinately than ever behind closed doors. One morning Dorothea determined to try a new way of approach. Taking with her an old woman, a famine refugee for whom she was caring, she visited street after street, her companion going ahead and shouting in a strident voice, "She is not bad! She is not bad! She is twenty-seven years old and she *can* speak Chinese!" But the opening sought for was to come eventually through another channel.

Dr. Wise had long been praying for out-calls and at last one came to him. Late on an afternoon in October he was sent for in haste to visit the home of a rich, influential family living a short distance beyond the city walls. It was an obstetrical case. The sun had just set when the doctor reached the south gate and said to the gatekeeper, after explaining his errand, "I cannot tell when I shall return, but if I come back after the gate is shut will you let me in?" "I cannot do that," was the firm reply. "When will the gate close tonight?" Taking up two incense sticks, the man lighted them, and placing one in a receptacle near him, he handed the other to the doctor. "The gate will not shut till these sticks are burned up. Keep yours with you and you can tell how long it will be open." The doctor went on, was able to save the life of both mother and child and reached the gate again just as the end of his joss stick fell to ashes in his hand. This out-call led to two other visits in upper class homes where the doctor was enabled to bring about almost miraculous cures. From that time the doors of most of the homes in Ming-Kwong were thrown wide open, not only to Dr. Wise but to all foreigners. It was a wonderful victory, for which the missionaries, at their weekly prayer meeting, gave thanks to God with overflowing hearts.

Many Chinese, a few women as well as men, impelled by curiosity, now began calling on Dr. and Mrs. Wise. The women were exceedingly shy and crept timorously indoors as if they did not know what any minute might happen to them. They refused to sit down

lest some magic should prevent their getting up. Cotton cloths were held before their noses to keep from inhaling deadly fumes, and proffered cups of tea were declined for fear there was poison in them. Always they seemed to imagine that, by certain occult means, they would be transformed into Christians against their will. The doctor owned a manikin, and one day, to entertain some of the Chinese, he showed it to them. After that more people than ever flocked to the house, all eager to see "the man without a skin." Dr. and Mrs. Wise would give their visitors a simple explanation of the organs of the body, closing with a talk on the goodness and greatness of the Divine Creator.

Along with other missionaries, Hope and Dorothea soon had their quota of women callers. All over the "clean to death" house, as it came to be known, the visitors traveled on their little feet, peering curiously into cupboards, examining the contents of drawers, feeling of the bedding and surveying the reflection of themselves in the looking glasses, which were their special delight and amusement. As they gained confidence, they partook freely of tea and small cakes, and would sometimes stay for hours, enjoying their novel surroundings and chatting volubly.

It used to interest the missionaries to see the women frequently draw up one leg so that they could hold in their hand a tiny foot encased in its embroidered shoe, then turn critical eyes on the other shoes in the room, mentally comparing sizes and patterns. It was very evident that their criterion of beauty was the foot and

not the face. Callers were never refused admission nor the least impatience shown over their inquisitiveness, for the more they knew about the daily life of the missionaries, the more fully they trusted them and the easier it was to win them to Christ.

The Women's Bible Training School, begun some time previously, soon swelled to many times its original size and though the majority of the students were well past their prime, a few younger ones had been occasionally added who gave promise of developing into capable teachers and evangelists.

When Mr. and Mrs. Gladden returned from furlough they were rejoiced to find in Ming-Kwong, besides the street chapel, two small but substantially built churches for the growing Christian constituency. The dedicatory service of the second building was made memorable by the presence of three Chinese women, a mother and her two daughters, all of them Christians. It was the first time in Ming-Kwong that native women had been seen at a public service.

Robert, who was a born evangelist, at once infused new life into the Sunday School work. "I have determined to put children first for they are the hope of China!" he cried in a burst of enthusiasm, and proceeded to rent the wing of a large temple in which hundreds of little street children met every Sunday afternoon at half past two o'clock. Indeed, the number attending was limited only by the size of the room, for this service soon became the most popular in Ming-Kwong. The Chinese could not tell Sunday from any other day, so whenever during the week Robert went

BUDDHIST PILGRIMS FASCINATED BY STEREOPTICON PICTURES OF BIBLE SCENES; TAIANFU, SHANTUNG PROVINCE

on the street, he was sure to be accosted by scores of urchins calling out eagerly, "Foreign Devil, Foreign Devil, is this Sunday?" By noon on Sundays the children began gathering in front of the temple so that when the doors opened at two o'clock it was with difficulty Robert and his helpers made their way through the crowd. The influence of the Ragged Sunday School was inestimable. To be sure, it was sowing seed by the wayside, but some took deep root and brought forth fruit in transformed lives that enriched and blessed Ming-Kwong for many long years.

About this time the missionaries were beginning to question somewhat the efficacy of street chapel preaching, and, while it was continued, more emphasis was laid upon group and personal conferences. The urgent need of training for Chinese preachers and evangelists became increasingly apparent. At the Missionary Conference in 1877 Mr. and Mrs. Gladden had learned with interest of the good work done in the theological school in Shantung, and also by that in Foochow, where as early as 1874 the first preachers' training class was graduated, an occasion doubly interesting from the fact that the hymns were sung to the accompaniment of a reed organ played by a Chinese student! The Bible Training School for men in Ming-Kwong, started some years before, would have been a greater success had it attracted students of a more promising type. The men's ages averaged between thirty-five and sixty while the mentality of most of them was low.

Ming-Kwong could boast of one ordained pastor. Each Sunday he stood back of the pulpit in a long

blue gown, wearing enormous goggles, and with a palm leaf fan in his hand delivered lengthy discourses to an inattentive audience. He was a godly man and did his best but his best was poor. It was not easy to hold an orderly, well-conducted Sunday service. The Chinese were wholly unaccustomed to connected discourse, and the idea of sitting quietly through the hour of worship was so new as to be incomprehensible. During the service people got up and sat down again, yawned audibly, conversed in loud tones with each other, and walked noisily in and out of the room. Venders shouted their wares from the door and even came inside to sell. One Sunday, when the noise was especially disturbing, Robert ventured to close the chapel door, but he never did it again, for at once an angry mob collected outside, while the congregation, alarmed at being shut in, hurriedly stampeded to a man. Still the work grew, and the "Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

Robert, with his evangelist colleague, spent much time itinerating. Experience had taught him some valuable lessons. While now, as formerly, he depended during his country trips chiefly on native food, he found he could conserve his health better by carrying with him, in a tin box of his own invention, a few supplies from home, such as cocoa, coffee, tinned milk, etc. He was able quickly to prepare an appetizing meal over a charcoal fire, boiling potatoes in an empty butter tin and using a milk tin for making the coffee. The itinerants learned they could keep their feet warm in winter in the coldest inns by pulling over

their socks a pair of fur-lined Chinese boots. It was discovered on the other hand, that the use in hot weather of colored eye glasses and white sun umbrellas excited suspicion and cupidity—although they could not be wholly dispensed with—that the bag of Christian literature carried over their shoulders, was a safeguard, showing the travelers were not idle mischief-makers but men with real business in hand, while as simple a thing as picking up a stone from the road or breaking a twig from a tree, might make trouble for them by destroying, as the people declared, the good luck of the land.

It sometimes happened that a friendly householder offered his living room to the missionaries for a preaching place, with perhaps an encoffined body in one corner awaiting a propitious time for burial. It took courage for a Chinese to open his doors, since almost certainly some in the following crowd would cry out derisively, "Look! our neighbor is taking a devil into his home!" The exhortations of the travelers were constantly interrupted by foolish questions such as, "Does it rain in your country?" "Do you have trees and the five grains?" "Did you come to China by cart?" While on furlough Mr. Gladden had been given a small magic lantern and slides, which he found an invaluable boon in country work, for, no matter how boisterous the crowd, he never failed to hold their attention with his colored pictures from the life of Christ.

On returning home from one of his long country trips Robert found Henry Cross down with typhus fever, probably contracted while distributing daily

rice tickets to long lines of starving, infected poor people during an unusually cold winter. The two itinerants, though greatly in need of rest, at once assumed full charge of the sickroom, dividing the day and night between them. They did their utmost but no power on earth could save Henry, who died on a bleak day in late February. The funeral was held in the largest city chapel, which was too small to accommodate the throngs who sought admission, church members, students, hospital staff, officials, gentry. They filled the window seats, crowded the altar, and darkened the doorways. Until then no one quite realized what a place this mild, self-effacing man, with his ready smile for the meanest, dirtiest coolie, had made for himself in the hearts of the Chinese. It was said of him afterward, "A whole lifetime of prejudice and hatred melted away with one look into his quiet, radiant face."

Worn with labor and grief for the loss of his friend, to whom his soul had been knit as David's to Jonathan, Robert was urged by the Mission to take a journey into North China. He accompanied Mrs. Cross and her children to the coast, then sailed from Shanghai to Tientsin.

Sue resolutely refused to leave Ming-Kwong, insisting that her health did not require a change and that she must stay behind and help fill the vacancies in the missionary group. Only the youngest of her four children was with her, the others having been left at home when she and Robert returned from furlough.

Inland China, the parents decided, was no place to

rear children, yet what it had cost that mother-heart to part from them, God alone knew. Mrs. Gladden realized they would be lovingly cared for, yet who like herself could comfort them in their childish sorrows, draw forth their little confessions, hear their evening prayers? As she journeyed to San Francisco, she used often to lie awake at night listening to the rumbling of the train whose wheels seemed to be saying to her, "Every revolution we make is taking you farther, farther, farther!" "Oh God, my darlings, the children Thou gavest me, must I leave them?" she would cry in silent agony. In later years, when at a woman's missionary meeting she was telling, by request, something of her early experiences, a friend said to her, "You must have suffered many hardships." "No," Mrs. Gladden replied, "I never had but one, and that was the separation from my children."

At the beginning of their missionary life, Robert and Sue made it a practice, when home mail at irregular and often long intervals, drifted in to them, before reading a single letter, to kneel together hand in hand, and pray that the news might be good news, but if it were not, that strength be given them to bear it. Often it happened in the midst of some special anxiety or discouragement that a sudden spiritual uplift would sweep over their souls, when the burden lifted and the difficulty strangely vanished. At such times husband and wife would look at each other with an understanding smile and remark quietly, "Someone in the homeland is praying for us."

In Tientsin Mr. Gladden became acquainted with

two missionaries he had long desired to know, Dr. Leonora Howard and Dr. John Kenneth Mackenzie. Dr. Howard was the third missionary woman doctor to be sent to China, reaching Peking in 1877, the year of the great Conference. But she had not been there long before a call came to hasten to Tientsin to attend Lady Li, wife of the world-famous statesman and viceroy, Li Hung Chang. It was a rare opportunity and Dr. Howard gladly embraced it. For a month she was both doctor and nurse to her distinguished patient, who made a fine recovery, but left the doctor so worn she could not straighten her back without pain. She told Robert that the viceroy gave every evidence of real affection for his wife, but that it was certain he would have seen her die rather than put her under the care of a man doctor.

At an even earlier time Dr. Mackenzie was physician to the Viceroy himself, who became so interested in his work that he expressed a desire to witness an operation. A court in the viceregal palace was cleared for the purpose and a successful operation performed, making a profound impression on Lord Li. In gratitude for the services rendered by Dr. Howard and Dr. Mackenzie, Lord and Lady Li built for each of them in Tientsin a small but perfectly equipped hospital and financed their running expenses for a number of years.

At the time of Mr. Gladden's visit the interest of Dr. Mackenzie was centered in a medical school he had opened in 1881. He began it with eight young men who had just returned from America, where they

were sent by their government in 1872 to be educated according to Western methods, but nine years later peremptorily recalled under the impression that they were becoming too foreignized. In the course of a few years, the doctor had graduated nineteen students, but owing to the backwardness of the government in securing positions for them, and the prejudice still general among the Chinese toward foreign medicine, he was forced to close this work in 1887. Happily, in 1886, the China Medical Missionary Association had been organized, which gave large promise for the future.

In Peking Robert was taken to see a flourishing school for the blind. It was under the care of its organizer, Mr. W. H. Murray, who said he had been led into the work because of the many blind people on the streets of the capital who stretched out eager hands for tracts and Scripture portionettes whenever he went abroad. "You cannot read, so why do you want them?" he would sometimes ask. "We have a friend who will read to us," one and another quickly replied. Some missionaries thought it too soon to undertake work of this kind, since the suspicion was still rife among the Chinese that foreigners stole children to make medicine of their eyes, and Mr. Murray's motive in befriending the blind was almost sure to be misunderstood. But the school proved a success from the start, its one trouble being that there was not room enough to take in all who begged piteously for admission.

Before returning to Ming-Kwong, Mr. Gladden

paid a short visit to Hankow and Wuchang. At Wuchang he met another well-known worker about whom he had heard much, David Hill, spoken of in after years as "missionary and saint," a title whose appropriateness no one would have questioned but the man himself. Though Mr. Hill inherited wealth, he practiced the closest economy that he might have more to give away. That nothing should interfere with his work, he sacrificed what with his great, loving heart, would have meant all the world to him, the joys of marriage, yet advised no one to follow his example. Most of his life was spent at an isolated outpost from which sometimes in his loneliness he would make his way to the banks of the Yangtze River to watch wistfully the passing of an occasional British steamer, his only connection with the outside world.

"What is the most important thing in the religion of Jesus Christ?" Mr. Hill asked Robert one day. "Love," was the answer. "Love for the souls or the bodies of men?" "Both," replied Robert. "You are right," said Mr. Hill. "We should minister to the whole man if we are to fulfill our true mission as the ambassadors of God." This conversation especially impressed itself on Mr. Gladden as he had observed among the Chinese of late a growing interest in practical forms of Christian service, such as famine relief, Red Cross work, etc.

While at Wuchang he had an opportunity to see thousands of students gather from all parts of the province for the triennial government examinations. Formerly, at this time, Mr. Hill told him, mission-

PROUD MEMBERS OF A DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

aries had been obliged to keep out of sight, so strong was the anti-foreign feeling. Though they still remained in the background, it was now possible, with the help of Chinese Christians, to make the occasion a particularly fruitful one for the distribution of Christian literature. As the students poured out of the Examination Halls, they were presented with carefully selected tracts and portions of Scripture. Undoubtedly many of them carried the literature to their homes for further perusal, and were thus the means of scattering the Word far and wide.

The year 1886-87 was one of happenings so momentous that as Robert expressed it, "They would have seemed to the Chinese of a previous generation to lead to the end of all things!" A government edict gave the people permission to become members of the Christian Church, adding, "The said church teaches the Chinese to be good." The Board of Foreign Affairs appointed a corps of officials with interpreters to travel in Western countries and study their civilization. In 1887 the introduction of railways was sanctioned and the next year was completed the first road that was built, owned, and controlled by Chinese. At last the people were beginning to see there was something they could learn from the despised foreigner!

All these movements, directly or indirectly, were a distinct help to the work of missions. Yet ever could be heard ominous mutterings which told old prejudices were not dead and that trouble might be looked for almost any time. It broke out in Chungking, over

thirteen hundred miles up the Yangtze, in the far-western province of Szechuan, on a hot July day in 1886. Riots nearly always occurred in summer. The mission buildings were looted and burned, and every missionary, man, woman and child, was taken captive and shut up in the yamen. For sixteen days the little band lived in hourly expectation of death, then at two o'clock one morning they were stealthily conducted through the streets of the city by an official escort, put on small boats and left to make their way down the river.

The excuse the local magistrate gave for the outrage was that the ire of the underground dragon, that controlled the good luck of Chungking, had been aroused because the missionaries built their houses on his neck. The Chinese freely made it known that the provincial Government was bitterly opposed to foreigners, but, as a clear-visioned missionary prophetically declared, "In driving us out they think they are closing the door on Christianity, though they are really swinging it wide open!" Two years later Chungking was reoccupied by a stronger missionary force than ever.

In the spring of 1890 the second general Missionary Conference was held in Shanghai, the meeting place of all great gatherings. This time the representatives from Ming-Kwong were Dr. and Mrs. Wise, and Hope and Dorothea, who had to make a hard two weeks' journey to reach the seat of Conference but felt it paid them a thousand times over. The Conference registered some conspicuous results. There were now in China 1300 missionaries, representing forty-one Mis-

sion Boards, and nearly forty thousand Chinese communicants. How large the number of Christians seemed in comparison with the six of 1842! Christian Missions were at this time brought to the attention of the world in a new way, while missionaries came into possession of a weight and influence hitherto unknown. A united plea went forth from the Conference members to Christendom for a thousand more missionaries in the next five years and during the next five years a thousand were sent to China! Bible translation was one of the principal subjects under discussion and before the Conference closed three committees had been appointed to make a much-needed revision of the Old and New Testaments. As at the previous Conference, perfect harmony prevailed throughout the sessions, nor did denominational differences for a moment hamper their work.

The decade from 1890 to 1900 was marked by much anti-foreign agitation and frequent riots everywhere in China. Ming-Kwong had its full share. Soon after the shocking murder in 1895 of thirteen English missionaries in the Fukien province, scurrilous placards attacking foreigners and their religion made their appearance all over the city. Hope used to say that the only times she laid her head on her pillow at night without fearing she might be awakened before morning by rioters, was when she heard raindrops pattering on the roof. Chinese greatly dislike getting wet, and ordinarily will not go out in a rain if they can help it. The year 1894 was an especially eventful one in the nation's history. In the spring an epidemic of bubonic

plague in Canton carried away sixty thousand victims, often as many as a thousand in a single day.

About the same time more than ten thousand Christian Chinese women subscribed out of their poverty — for few were rich—enough money to print an edition de luxe of the New Testament which was presented to the Empress Dowager on her sixtieth birthday. Never before, as far as anyone knew, had a copy of the Scriptures entered the Imperial palace. The Empress Dowager, or "Old Buddha," as she was popularly called, showed little interest in the gift. But not so the young emperor Kuang-hsü, of whom it was reported that he spent much time each day reading the Bible and even sent messengers into the streets of Peking to search for other copies and for Christian books.

In November war broke out with Japan. The humiliation following the defeat of China did two things; it aroused fresh hostility toward foreigners and it strengthened a growing desire for reforms among many of the nation's ablest men. A bigoted scholar in Ming-Kwong, to whom Robert had taken the pains to explain the telegraph system when it was introduced into China, and who had responded haughtily, "What do we want of the foreigner's invention? China has lived and prospered four thousand years without it!" was now preserving a discreet silence. New industries were developing in the inland city. Young Chinese were asking to be taught English that they might secure positions with foreign firms. Articles of Western merchandise, clocks, lamps, cloth, gewgaws, were making their appearance in the shops.

IMBEDDING PATTERN IN SAND; INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS, JENSHOW, WEST CHINA

A vigorous crusade against foot-binding, started in Shanghai by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Archibald Little, in 1895, spread rapidly. When a little later two young Chinese women returned from America with doctors' diplomas from a leading university, a group of wide-awake young progressives were so impressed that they formed a pact never to marry a girl with bound feet and then and there organized themselves into a men's anti-footbinding society. The education of girls became a subject of animated discussion in various circles, but when the son of the governor of a large province had the boldness to expatiate on its value in the presence of the Empress Dowager, the old autocrat stamped her foot angrily, crying, "What do you know about the education of girls!"

Indeed, affairs were taking on a far too modern complexion to suit the "Old Buddha." When she accidentally learned that the young and too-eager Emperor, who had been issuing reform edict after reform edict, was about to put forth others of a far-reaching and startling character, she promptly made a prisoner of him, beheaded six of his most progressive allies, annulled his edicts, one and all, and assumed in name, as she had long since done in fact, the reins of government.

The missionaries in Ming-Kwong followed the rapidly changing course of events with ever-increasing anxiety. The fact that they were off the traveled routes, and received much of their news indirectly, only added to the intensity of the situation. A missionary friend of Robert's in Peking wrote to him of

the strange practices of the Society of Boxers, their belief in their own immunity from shot and shell, the uncertainty and subdued excitement everywhere, then added, "I feel as if we were walking, like the French revolutionists, on the top of a volcano that might erupt any moment. Yet I cannot believe there is going to be serious trouble. It is rather hard, though, to settle down to work in the usual way."

The hot days of June came and went, then dawned the fateful twentieth when the German embassador was slain on one of the principal streets of the capital. That same afternoon at four o'clock, all foreigners in Peking, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, marched into the grounds of the British Legation, which were destined to be their home for fifty-six troubled days. Before night firing had begun in earnest and the cataclysm known as the Boxer Uprising, incited by the Empress Dowager and her sympathizers for the express purpose of exterminating all foreigners in China, was in full swing.

1900—1911

OUTSTANDING MISSIONARY EVENTS

1902 First medical college for women, Canton.
1907 Great conference at Shanghai; Centenary Celebration.
1909 Opening of first Christian college for women, Peking.
1909 International Opium Commission met at Shanghai.
1909 C. E. National Convention, Nanking.
1910 C. E. Rally in Foochow celebrating 20th anniversary of C. E. in Foochow.
1911 First graduation exercises of Union Medical College, Peking, April.
1912 Opening of Nanking Bible Teachers' Training School for Women.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL EVENTS

1904 Russian-Japanese War.
1905 Treaty of Portsmouth.
1905 Imperial edict abolishing old Chinese system of education.
1908 Emperor and Empress Dowager died.
1910 Provincial delegates in Peking petition for inauguration of Chinese Parliament, January.
1910 Port Arthur opened as commercial port, July.
1910 First National Assembly of China met, Peking.
1910 First meeting of National Agricultural Association, Nanking.
1911 Rice riots in many parts of China.
1911 Outbreak of Revolution at Wuchang.
1911 Final downfall of the Manchus.
1911 Signing of new opium agreement between China and Great Britain.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IV

I. The Boxer Uprising.
   A. Massacre of missionaries and Chinese Christians.

II. Effect on the developing Christian Church.

III. Beginning of medical training for Chinese women.
   A. First medical school, Canton.

IV. Bible Women's Training Schools.

V. Government reforms.
   A. Abolished old educational system.
   B. Commission sent to western nations.
   C. Development in education of women.

VI. Centenary celebration of Protestant missions in China.

Special Topics

1. Tell the story of your missionaries and of the Chinese Christian during the Boxer trouble.
2. Trace the results of the work of your church in China at the time of the Centenary Celebration.
3. Medical training of Chinese women: under your Board; union schools.
4. The effect of the government reforms on the educational work of your Board.

BABIES UNDER A WEEK OLD FROM THE MATERNITY WARD OF MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL, SHANGHAI

CHAPTER IV

1900-1911

"But When the Blade Was Sprung up, and Brought forth Fruit, Then Appeared the Tares Also"

WHEN the Boxer Uprising broke out, the missionaries in Ming-Kwong had no thought of leaving their post. But as the appalling news reached them of massacres in the north—one hundred and eighty-three Protestant missionaries, men, women and children, perished that awful summer—the danger everywhere to foreigners became more apparent, and the consuls at the treaty ports ordered all of their nationals to the coast.

As the Ming-Kwong contingent was about leaving, a deputation of officials waited upon Dr. Wise and besought him to remain in the city to save them from possible destruction by foreign forces. They wished him for their hostage. The Doctor unhesitatingly consented to stay, and since Mrs. Wise refused to be parted from her husband, the two were left behind. Though the only foreigners in that entire area, they were mercifully kept from fear. Each morning a city official called at their home to inquire after their welfare, saying always, "Rest your hearts; we will protect you."

As far as he was able, Dr. Wise in a quiet way, continued his medical work. That he faced danger in doing so was shown one day, when on returning in his sedan chair from an out-call he was suddenly surrounded by a turbulent crowd, shouting, "Kill the foreign devil! Kill him! Kill him!" Just then some one pulled aside the chair curtain and seeing who was inside, called loudly, "This is not a foreigner! It is the doctor!" upon which the mob immediately scattered.

To the native Christians in Ming-Kwong, whom the fleeing missionaries had most reluctantly been under the necessity of leaving, Dr. and Mrs. Wise were a tower of strength. The Chinese knew well that their lives were in jeopardy every hour. One family in particular, to whom the doctor was warmly attached, were so constantly threatened that for weeks they feared any night might be their last. With six small children, the youngest a baby a few weeks old, it was often a matter of earnest discussion with the parents as to what would be their wisest course in the event of sudden attack. Happily, they were not put to the test, although the husband's health was so impaired by the strain that he died soon after the trouble was over.

During Robert Gladden's years in China, not infrequently he had heard the remark made by both foreigners and Chinese, that a good many of the Christians were not genuine converts, but had accepted the doctrine and joined the church because of the material help they expected to receive. "Rice Christians"

they were called. That this was true of some could not be denied but that it was generally the case the more experienced missionaries did not for a moment believe. Ignorant, many of them, stupid often, mere babes in Christ,—this they were prepared to admit, for recruits were drawn largely, though by no means wholly, from the submerged classes, but that the majority were honest disciples, Mr. Gladden always stoutly affirmed.

No brighter proof of this could have been given than their faithfulness in the great crisis. While foreigners died by the hundred, thousands of Chinese Christians perished, oft-times suffering the most cruel martyrdom. Most of them would have been spared had they recanted, which a few did, but their number was negligible compared with those who, true and unflinching, met a cruel death at the blood-stained hands of the Boxers.

It must ever be remembered that not all non-Christian Chinese were the foreigner's enemies. Some befriended him from purely humane motives. A few statesmen, astute enough to see ruin ahead for China if the present mad policy of extermination were followed to a finish, did their utmost to stay the on-sweeping tide. A memorable example was furnished in the case of two high officials whom the Peking Government commanded to telegraph to all magistrates in the central and southern provinces, "The foreigners must be killed. The foreigners retiring must still be killed." The telegram was sent but with the change in it of one word—"The foreigners must be protected.

The foreigners retiring must still be protected." The officials who had thus dared to disobey the imperial decree suffered in consequence a horrible death, but their courageous act saved the lives of scores of missionaries and among them the entire Ming-Kwong force, those fleeing to the coast as well as the doctor and his wife left alone in the city.

With the entrance of the allied armies into Peking on the fourteenth day of August, the Boxer Uprising practically ended. For the first time in history the pavements of the Forbidden City, a walled area within the capital hitherto sacred to royalty, were trodden by the desecrating feet of the western barbarian, its palaces explored and even the marvellous "dragon throne" sat upon. It was a chastened Empress Dowager who later returned to Peking from the interior city Sianfu, where she had taken refuge on the approach of the foreign troops. She was henceforth to rule over a changed China, for the recent crisis had awakened a spirit of progress which neither her autocratic self nor any other would be able to withstand.

As soon as it could be done, missionaries everywhere resumed their work, and none more eagerly than those from Ming-Kwong, who were given on their return a touching welcome by the Chinese Christians. The events of the Boxer Uprising had sorely tried the faith of the Christians, and some, never too firmly rooted and grounded, had weakened in their allegiance to the church. But this time of darkness and doubt was soon succeeded by such a blessed revival that again and again Mr. and Mrs. Gladden were made to

realize the truth of the saying, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Nor was this experience peculiar to Ming-Kwong for it became general throughout China.

A beautiful story reached the Ming-Kwong missionaries from the north. A gifted young Chinese, pastor of a large city church, announced his intention of leaving his charge to take up work in a small town beyond the Great Wall. "But why do you wish to go there?" urged the surprised missionaries. "Do you not recall that it was the Boxers in that place who killed your Christian father, mother, sisters and brother?" "Yes," was the quiet answer, "and it is for that very reason I am going, that I may preach Jesus Christ to the murderers of my family."

To accept Christianity, with all it often cost of sacrifice, called for real heroism. "Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee"; might have been sung by many a convert who for conscience' sake, gave up family, home, friends, business, inheritance, reputation. The small shopkeeper, who had carried on a lucrative business in the sale of joss sticks, spirit paper and other idolatrous commodities, on becoming a Christian, gladly took a position as janitor, at a small salary in one of the boys' schools, though by so doing he was utterly and forever repudiated by his indignant family. Yet he sacrificed no more than the once self-satisfied Taoist priest, who after his conversion gained a livelihood by peddling cheap confections, a familiar but despised figure on the streets of Ming-Kwong. Both men were staunch, dependable

church members. Indeed, the greater the sufferings of believers, the brighter seemed to shine their light.

The church was blessed with many a rare Christian character, veritable pillars among the weaker members. There was Mother Wang, who had traveled four hundred miles in a wheelbarrow to Ming-Kwong to learn more of the Gospel message of which she had heard a little, and who having found the Pearl of great price, cherished it by sharing it with others; Gatekeeper Li and his little blind wife, who never missed a church service, and preached Christ as much by their sunny faces as by their earnest words; Hannah, wife of one of the Chinese pastors, a good man but unstable, who by her prayers and untiring admonitions, helped her husband over many a hard, slippery place; crippled Mei-li, teacher in a girls' day school, who despite her deformity, won hearts everywhere, and drew pupils from homes never reached before. So could instances be multiplied.

But the arch-enemy of souls, ever alert, had an eye on the church in Ming-Kwong. Temptations were legion. By actual count, the city was known to have between seven and eight hundred opium dens. Then there was gambling, the curse of Ming-Kwong as of all China. Women as well as men indulged in it, especially those of the rich upper classes, with many of whom it was a mania. Mere babies learned to drop their cash on the roulette wheel and watch for the result with fascinated eyes. Concubinage was universal and a custom difficult to uproot. At this point questions of church policy were constantly arising

in the missionary group. Should it be insisted that a Christian man put away the concubines by whom he had children and who were dependent on him for support? Was it right to deny membership in the church to a truly converted concubine? Regarding these and kindred matters there was a difference of opinion, though the majority favored admitting to full membership none but monogamists. Lying, cheating, opium smoking, petty thieving, wife-beating, such practices were considered venial if not wholly necessary by the unregenerate, and the acceptance of the Christian doctrine did not cause the leopard at once to change his spots.

Sin from time to time crept into the church and the sifting process was far from easy. Once Mr. Gladden found it necessary to disband the entire membership of a certain city parish and start all over again. These occasional setbacks, greatly as they were deplored, the seasoned missionary was wont to liken to the swirling eddies along the banks of the Yangtze. To the casual observer they appeared to be sweeping everything before them in the wrong direction, but all the time the main current of the mighty stream, deep and unhindered, was flowing straight onward to the sea.

More attention than formerly was paid by the missionaries to congregational singing. Few Chinese melodies were capable of being used, so that hymns from the West, both words and music, had to be imported bodily. How to translate words that had no equivalent into the vernacular was a constant puzzle.

Chinese scholars were called in to help, but even then the result was not satisfactory. For a long time church music, especially in the country, was little short of atrocious, the congregation singing lustily with the spirit, though rarely with the understanding.

Self-support was increasingly emphasized. Money contributions in connection with worship were not new to the people, accustomed as they had always been to giving large sums under compulsion in support of idolatrous rites. They were quite willing to make their free-will offerings, often accompanied with much self-denial, but they needed, as the missionaries soon learned, the stimulus of a definite objective. Giving to a general cause did not greatly appeal to them.

A remarkable example of voluntary self-support came from a distant market town in the hill country, a place not yet visited by a foreigner. It seems that a merchant from there, while on business in Ming-Kwong, had chanced to drop into one of the street chapels and was so impressed by what he had heard that he never ceased talking about it among his home people. Not long afterwards, while on an evangelistic trip, Dorothea was surprised to be accosted one day by a small delegation of honest-faced men who earnestly besought her to visit their town which was not far away. They went on to tell how one of their number had listened in Ming-Kwong to the Gospel, of their longing to know more about it, and that they had already made ready a temple where the people would gather as soon as the Jesus woman came.

Dorothea pondered a moment while she lifted up

her heart in prayer. Here was a wonderful open door; should she answer the summons to enter? To be sure she was a woman with only her Chinese Bible woman for a companion. Yet the two were in the habit of traveling weeks at a time over lonely country roads, spending the night often in strange inns, addressing unfamiliar crowds, and with never a thought of danger. "I am no longer young," reasoned Dorothea, "I am experienced. I can speak Chinese and I dare do in non-Christian China what it would be absolutely unsafe to attempt in Christian America." So she consented to go with the men, and she and her companion were carried to the gates of the town. There their escorts did a strange thing. The chairs were set down and Dorothea was courteously requested to alight and walk through the streets to the temple, that she might advertise by her presence the meeting about to be held.

On reaching the place she found a feast prepared and a large company waiting to receive her, including many of the town's most influential citizens. Later the people urged that a preacher be sent to them and also a school teacher, promising to meet all expenses. They were as good as their word and before long a most promising work was established at that centre on a wholly self-supporting basis.

Never was there more general and heartfelt rejoicing among the missionary group in Ming-Kwong, than when, in the early autumn of 1901, the first woman doctor made her appearance. For several years Dr. Wise and his younger colleague had been

occupying a large, fine hospital building, one wing of which from the first, had been set aside for women. Of this, Dr. Mercy Goodenough took immediate possession, but so rapidly did woman's work expand under her capable management that not many months had passed before she was laying plans for a hospital plant of her own on adjacent land. In the meantime she opened a school in a small near-by building for convalescents as well as for the relatives and friends of patients who insisted on accompanying them to the hospital. It proved a downright blessing in the work and resulted in the conversion of many.

All three doctors were seriously hampered by a lack of trained nurses. They managed to gather about them a few men and women, to whom, as their time and onerous duties permitted, they taught the elements of nursing. But advanced work was impossible with this motley group, most of whom were ignorant, uncouth, and drawn from the lower classes of society. Apter pupils did not come their way, for nursing was universally regarded as coolie's work and altogether unbecoming a self-respecting, educated youth or maiden.

In the hospital the unexpected and disconcerting were continually happening. If a cure was not immediate, the bandages might be secretly torn from a broken limb, or a fever patient abducted in the night by his too zealous relatives. The prescription of a bath for a thirteen-year-old boy met with an indignant protest from the mother who exclaimed, "He has never been washed all over since he was born!"—and the

doctor could easily believe it. The joy of a mother whose sight had been restored, on beholding for the first time her two young sons, broke all bounds.

So heavy had the demands of city work grown that it was impossible for the doctors to get into the country though the heart of Dr. Wise, in particular, was ever turning toward it with sympathy and longing. But sick folk from far and wide flocked to Ming-Kwong, for the Red Cross flag floating above the hospital was the best known object in that whole region.

The need of Chinese doctors, trained in western medicine, to itinerate among the outlying villages, was impressed anew on Dr. Wise by an amusing incident. A former patient from the country came back with an earnest request that the doctor make him a wooden leg in place of the one he had lost. The leg was made but the man was not satisfied; he wanted it to bend at the knee. Though told that he could not stand on it as firmly if it were made to bend, the patient still persisted. So the doctor cut the peg in two, fastened it at the joint with a door hinge and constructed the knee cap out of an old derby hat. The man was delighted and returning to his village proudly hung out a doctor's sign, which soon drew patients from all around, attracted by the wide-spread fame of the marvellous wooden leg!

Late one afternoon, after an unusually crowded day, Dr. Wise left the hospital for a walk on the wall. Meeting Mr. Gladden the two men strode along together for some time without speaking. Suddenly the Doctor ejaculated, "Man, I could not stand it!" He

paused a moment with his eyes on the ground, then exclaimed again, "Man, I could never stand it." Another pause and a third time the words burst forth, "Man, I couldn't stand it were it not for Jesus Christ." Robert looked into his friend's face with silent, understanding sympathy. "It is the dirt, the disease, the suffering, the awful sin!" continued the doctor. "I couldn't stand them if I did not try to see in each patient the image of Jesus Christ who died to save him." Suddenly lifting his head and squaring his shoulders as if a burden had just been lifted, he added fervently, "But what a glorious thing it is to be engaged in such a service. Spiritual results can never die but must go on to eternity."

School work in Ming-Kwong had its hopeful as well as its depressing aspects, but never a year went by that the missionaries, in reviewing the past, could not see distinct gain and report advance all along the line. Schools for girls, that in the beginning failed to keep pace in point of numbers and attendance with those for boys, were now rapidly approaching them, while in general efficiency they were more than on a par. New missionaries had joined the force from time to time, and fresh young blood united with ripe experience and judgment, made a splendid working combination.

Two foreign principals were talking together one day when the older remarked with conviction, "A mission school should always be regarded as an evangelistic rather than an educational agency," and added that she believed some place in her own building,

crowded as it was, ought to be set aside as a prayer room for the girls. This was done and before the year ended it developed that a group of students, without any suggestion from their teachers, were meeting in that room every Sunday evening to pray for their unconverted schoolmates and the non-Christian members of their families.

A great annual event in all the city boarding schools was the Christmas celebration, when pupils living in Ming-Kwong and vicinity were allowed to invite their parents and friends to share in the festivities. The guests were early in their places, gazing with rapt admiration at the tree their children had helped trim and making no secret of their enjoyment of the novel exercises which were frequently interrupted by exclamatory remarks. In honor of the occasion the women donned their gayest raiment, some, who were thrifty enough to possess them, being especially gorgeous in their crimson silk burial clothes, which according to Chinese ideas were the quintessence of elegance and appropriateness.

At one of these celebrations a small scholar had the misfortune to fall downstairs and knock out a tooth. It caused considerable excitement, till Hope, always equal to emergencies, calmly picked up the screaming child, pushed the tooth back into the jaw and tied it in place where it soon took firm root again.

Though the stand the mission boarding schools had taken in the matter of footbinding was now well known there were occasional outbursts of opposition, as when a girl, who was put in school by a liberal-minded father

with the distinct understanding that her feet were to be unbound, received a peremptory recall from the angry mother on learning the conditions of entrance. In fact, surprising as it seemed, the women as a rule held more tenaciously to footbinding than the men.

A church deacon in Ming-Kwong ordered his wife to unbind her feet. Removing the bandages, with an adult, is apt to be attended with much pain; besides this woman had exceedingly tiny feet of which she was very proud. So she parried by saying she had just embroidered herself a pair of new shoes which she must first wear out. Seeing that his wife was likely to be obstinate, the man waited till she was asleep, when he quietly stole away with the shoes and threw them in the river.

The least encouraging, perhaps, of any work in Ming-Kwong was that for women. They constituted less than one-third of the church membership. It was women chiefly who visited the temples, taught idolatrous rites to their children, and clung most rigidly to old superstitions. It was sad but true, that the wives of some of the country pastors were not Christian even in name. Many were narrow-minded, ignorant, still bound-footed, and a distinct handicap in their husband's work. One exceptionally fine man was forced to leave the ministry because of the baneful influence of his wife.

With the wives of preachers and teachers particularly in mind, the missionaries early started station classes which were held in Ming-Kwong once or twice a year, and lasted usually about six weeks. They

brought together women from the rural districts as well as the city, and though the course of Bible study was brief and necessarily limited in scope, it proved an untold benefit.

Notwithstanding their many limitations, Chinese women exercised large influence in the home. A Christian woman wedded to a non-Christian man was bad enough, but hardly so deplorable as a Christian man with a non-Christian wife, which meant almost certainly a pagan home and a second generation of idolators. The urgent need of Ming-Kwong was for Christian homes, a need constantly being impressed upon the missionaries in new and unexpected ways. It became increasingly the prayer of their hearts that whatever else the schools might do for their pupils, no girl should go forth from them who had not experienced a living faith in Jesus Christ.

The missionary principal of one of the schools, burdened with administrative duties, was once hurrying to her office, when a student plucked timidly at her skirt, saying, "Can I talk with you, Teacher?" "No, I am too busy, Miss Blank will see you," naming a new, young worker with little knowledge of China or the Chinese language. Noting the swift change in the girl's face as she turned away, the principal halted and called the student back. "Did you wish to see me about something special?" she asked kindly. From tremulous lips the answer came in a whisper, "I want to be a Christian; I thought you would help me." "What if I had lost that opportunity!" mused the missionary alone in her room that night. "Oh God,"

she prayed, "may I never be so occupied with the mere mechanism of the work as to neglect to feed thy lambs!"

Sorrowful experiences in the mission station were not uncommon. One beautiful morning in spring an interested little company gathered to witness the marriage of one of the brightest students in school to a worthless, ignorant opium smoker, a man to whom she had been betrothed in infancy. The missionaries had done what they could to prevent it, which was not much. A betrothal may not be broken except under most exceptional circumstances. It is very seldom wise for a foreigner to interfere in family matters. No good is likely to be done the individual whose cause is espoused and lasting harm may accrue to the work.

The present case was peculiarly sad because this girl, on leaving school, had planned to take a course in nursing, a brave forward step for an educated woman and one in which the missionaries exceedingly rejoiced. Now all these bright hopes were crushed. Up the aisle of the chapel came the broken-hearted bride with lagging gait according to custom, her drooping head concealed under a crimson covering and herself supported on either side by an officious crone who saw to it that the usual marriage proprieties were minutely observed. With such a groom a Christian ceremony seemed almost a farce. But the solemn words were spoken, and then, to the accompaniment of exploding firecrackers, the wedding chair was borne away, followed by a noisy crowd of tatter-

BABY WELFARE WORK AT A COMMUNITY SOCIAL CENTRE, HINGHAU, FUKIEN PROVINCE

demalions. Thus began another of life's tragedies.

Ming-Kwong was fortunate in having now two Bible Women's training schools, both doing excellent work and from whose doors had gone out a few devoted, capable, faithful helpers. For the most part, however, the students were too old and slow of understanding to make large development possible. They could be moderately useful among the poor and illiterate, a field that offered boundless opportunities. But there were also the homes of the rich to be visited. Wives of officials, scholars, gentry, whose nights were spent at the gambling table and theatre, and their days in sleep and gossip were open to approach, yet not by the lowly, and often tactless, if well-meaning Bible woman. Her station in life condemned her to the servants' quarters of these haughty aristocrats, while her piety in itself made little or no appeal.

There was a loud call for women of good birth, good minds, careful training and deep consecration, to meet with efficiency the growing demands of the many-sided work in Ming-Kwong. But how and where were they to be found? Would the schools provide them? Girls were expected to marry and rear sons to keep up the clan's ancestral worship and care for the family graves. Had not that been woman's bounden duty in China since time began, a rule of life no more to be broken than the laws of the Medes and Persians? But of late years, especially since 1900, stirrings, strange movements, prophesied change. In Ming-Kwong there already was a marked difference in the attitude of the populace toward women, who

might now go on the street with no fear of being pushed rudely aside by male pedestrians unless they swerved nimbly out of the way. Unbound feet rarely excited ridicule in public places. Placards formerly posted about the city denouncing female education were conspicuously absent. Without question a new era had dawned.

Convincing proof of this was given in September of 1905 when an edict went forth from the throne forever abolishing the revered, ancient system of government education with its annual and triennial examinations. Little marvel that the country was shaken to its very foundations! Youth clapped its hands, while conservative old age looked on aghast. But more surprises were in store. In 1906 a government commission started on its way around the world to study political and other institutions with a view to inaugurating further reforms in China. Wonder of wonders, the autocratic "Old Buddha," who once lost her temper at the mere mention of education for girls, now expressly enjoined the commissioners to visit a typical American Woman's College, which they did, spending a delightful day at Wellesley.

It was a member of this commission, His Excellency, Tuan Fang, who at a banquet given the commissioners in New York City, paid a memorable tribute to the missionaries in China when he declared, "They have borne the light of civilization into every nook and corner of the Empire." What a transformation in popular sentiment since the days of Robert Morrison! No wonder that one missionary, after more than fifty

years on the field, asserted that the change which had come over China was nothing short of a revolution, nor that another contended China had made more progress since 1900 than any country on the face of the globe.

The collapse of the old system of education gave Western education a tremendous forward impulse. Government and private schools, from primary to provincial colleges, sprang up on every side. One province alone soon registered five thousand institutions, large and small, but still the supply did not meet the demand. Many ladies of the patrician class opened schools for girls, and to do so often sacrificed their patrimony, sold their treasured jewels and practiced the severest self-denial. One woman in Ming-Kwong went so far as to commit suicide, when, after having established a school and spent all her inheritance upon it, she failed to raise sufficient additional funds for its maintenance. This act was quite in keeping with Chinese custom and resulted, as the suicide expected it would, in securing from public and private sources voluntary subscriptions for the support of her project.

Women and girls everywhere were clamoring to go to school. More than one wife and mother, thirsting for knowledge, hung her hair in a braid down her back to disguise her age, and at the risk of being discovered and "losing face" studied her lessons by the side of young girls. Educated husbands frequently taught their wives at home. Young men of public spirit offered their services without salary as instructors in girls' schools, where the triple miracle was presented

of girls going to school, of youths teaching in them, and of girls submitting to be taught by young men! As simple calisthenics were usually added to the curriculum, the once admired "Golden Lilies" rapidly went out of fashion among students, who wore full-sized leather shoes with cotton stuffed in the heels and toes to keep in place their little unbound feet till they should assume a more normal shape. Several government schools made unbound feet a condition of entrance.

Ming-Kwong, though in the interior and a conservative city, shared in the great awakening. The missionaries were sensible of a new cordiality on the part of officials, whose conversation ran quite naturally along the line of progress and reform. Many temples were turned into school buildings, officials ordering the idols to be thrown down and buried, then standing by to see that it was done. One very old Buddhist temple, around whose blackened walls were ranged scores of dusty, mammoth Buddhas, was converted into a printing establishment. The idols were allowed to remain in their places from which they looked placidly below on four small, modern presses that printed Ming-Kwong's daily newspaper. For Ming-Kwong now had its own news-sheets, poor though they were, and there was no longer the same need for missionaries to paste about the city news items cut from Chinese papers published in Shanghai, a bit of social service they had been carrying on for some years.

If mission schools had been well patronized before,

"JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER"
SCENE FROM A PLAY GIVEN BY AMERICAN CHURCH MISSION
KINDERGARTNERS IN HANKOW

they now were overflowing with pupils and it became necessary, to the keen regret of the workers, to turn many away. Western text-books not hitherto used, were introduced. The study of electricity and its action in thunder-storms, broke down sundry cherished superstitions. One young man, when he first learned that the earth was round, exclaimed with conviction, "I am now ready to believe the things missionaries have told me about God." Many thinking Chinese began to question the soundness of China's ancient religions, and to hold them responsible for her backwardness. It was a time of grave responsibility and danger as well as of wondrous opportunity, felt the foreigners in Ming-Kwong, and they prayed for grace to meet the crisis aright.

The fourteenth of May, in the year 1907, was destined to stand out as a red-letter day in mission annals. For months, and even years, the attention not only of China missionaries but of people the world over, had been more and more focused upon it. At that time began the sessions of the great conference that celebrated the completion of one hundred years of Protestant missionary work in China. This Conference differed in several respects from the two previous ones. It was the first delegated body. Because of the expansion of the work, members came from more widely-scattered centres than ever before. Though the delegates were limited to five hundred, there were so many visitors from China and abroad, in addition to the numerous official representatives of Mission Boards, that the number in actual attendance ex-

ceeded eleven hundred. It was recalled at this Conference that Robert Morrison waited seven years for his first convert and that as late as 1842 there were but six baptized Christians. Now the number of communicants had swelled to more than a hundred and seventy-eight thousand, while if adherents were counted, there must be added an additional seventy-eight thousand. – Rec. Nov 6 –

The day of Pentecost had not yet dawned but surely it was drawing near! Many were the signs recounted; crowded chapels, schools, hospitals; everywhere honest, anxious inquirers. The Y. M. C. A. showed evidences of the beginning of a remarkable period of expansion. Organized work under the Y. W. C. A., started in 1905, had already taken deep root. The sale of Bibles and Christian books was unparalleled. Anti-opium agitation, fostered by the government, was exhibiting phenomenal strength and having an effect on the whole nation. Aborigines in the southwest, especially those of the Miao tribes, were turning by the hundred and even thousand, to the Christian faith, as if swept along by a "rushing, mighty wind," and openings for evangelism among these people, eager to build their own mud chapels and finance, out of extreme poverty, their own work, were limited only by the number of missionaries available to teach them.

Discussion at the Conference revolved about several important questions. Should there be but one church organization in China and that known simply as the Christian Church? Many strongly advocated it. How could be developed thoroughly qualified preach-

ers of whom there was a deplorable lack? What steps might be taken to train teachers, both men and women, for all grades of schools? The old-type scholar, stoop-shouldered, bespectacled, middle-aged, knew his Chinese classics well, but nothing of the "new learning."

It was reported that Normal work was carried on in some places but the great difficulty was to find teachers. The few young men with a Western education, who might be secured, were often discovered to have as pupils men quite their seniors, and such a reversal of the established etiquette of China as that of a younger man teaching an older, and he a proud "scholar," was not to be thought of for a moment.

The key-notes of the Conference were efficiency, cooperation, and above all, the need among church members of a deeper, more vital Christian experience. It was easily possible for a convert to say, "I believe the Christian doctrine," or, "I give up my idolatrous practices," and still not have in his heart the living faith that transforms character.

From June till the middle of September, the heat in Ming-Kwong was excessive. Women and children quickly wilted under it and expediency demanded that whenever possible they should seek relief in a cooler place. But in the early days of the mission no such spot was to be found. Several seasons a few families did try camping for a short time in part of a Buddhist temple on an adjacent, low-lying hill which the priests were willing to rent to them. But the elevation was too slight to make any appreciable difference in the

temperature; besides, the temple was old and unsanitary, no screens shut out the swarms of flies and mosquitoes, and general conditions were such that little benefit was derived from the change.

Late in the preceding century, missionaries in Central China, after prolonged negotiations with canny Chinese property owners, succeeded in purchasing a large tract of land among the mountains of Kuling near the city of Kiukiang on the Yangtze River. The resort proved a veritable godsend and saved many a valuable life to China and the work. It became increasingly popular as a centre for interdenominational gatherings, where conferences, Bible institutes, and similar meetings were held from year to year by both foreigners and Chinese, the latter afterward buying land and putting up convention buildings of their own.

The summer following the Centenary Conference Mr. and Mrs. Gladden were detained on the plain till September. Mr. Gladden was obliged to be much afield and his wife was constantly busy in the city. The ripe experience and excellent judgment of these pioneer missionaries kept them constantly in demand, particularly when, as so often happened, special problems arose in connection with the work. With a happiness too great for expression they were looking forward to the arrival in October of their son Howard. He was the youngest of their flock, the child of their mature years, and his coming as a missionary to China was the fulfillment of their lifelong hopes and prayers. When the torch of Truth should slip from their grasp,

TRAIN CARRYING THE FIRST CHINESE HOME MISSIONARIES TO THEIR FIELD OF LABOR, YUNNANFU, YUNNAN PROVINCE

as it must one day do, they rejoiced to feel that his hand would pick it up and bear it into the dark places of earth with swifter, surer feet.

It was just after they reached the mountains that the fatal cable message came forwarded from Ming-Kwong by loving, anxious colleagues. Howard was dead, drowned while trying to save the life of a friend. The first great shock over, this father and mother were able to look into each other's eyes and exclaim with triumphant faith, "Thank God that we had anything so precious to give to Him!" Missionaries often questioned among themselves whether it was better to receive bad news from home by letter or cablegram. In this case the cable message and letters reached China at about the same time. And it was well. As one of the parents wrote later, "If the Secretaries had cabled us at once, the mother would have received the word alone in the midst of intense heat and hard work and feeling more weary than for years. God guided the kind hearts to withhold it." Robert and his wife went from their Gethsemane back to Ming-Kwong with a new light in their faces and words of heavenly comfort on their lips for bereaved and stricken hearts. There was a "difference" which Chinese as well as missionaries were quick to feel.

China at this time was in a state of flux and changes succeeded each other with startling rapidity. In 1908 the government established a regular system of education for women, by which not only were primary schools to be multiplied but normal schools for girls opened in all of the provincial capitals.

The middle of November that same year the people almost had their breath taken away when word was flashed over the wires that the Empress Dowager and the Emperor had both died within twenty-four hours of each other.

On the ninth of November 1909, occurred the postponed funeral of the Empress Dowager. The Ming-Kwong missionaries, who had followed events with keenest interest, were glad to have Mr. Gladden share with them a letter received from his Peking friend. The morning of the ninth," wrote this missionary, "we rose before four o'clock and by seven were on the spot assigned us by the government Foreign Office, from which we were to watch the passing of the funeral procession on its way to the royal tombs of the Manchus. The catafalque, under its gorgeous trappings, was carried by relays of a hundred and twenty-eight staggering, perspiring coolies, yet so steadily, in spite of the rough roads outside the city gates, that had a cup full of water stood on top of it I do not believe a drop would have been spilled. Millions of dollars were spent on the funeral obsequies, one of the most striking features being an infinite variety of the usual objects made of paper over a light frame-work of bamboo, representing cavalry, infantry, household furnishings, clothing, servants, vehicles, which with indescribable effect, stretched in a double row for a mile and a half along one of the principal streets of Peking. Before the body of the Empress Dowager left the city, of course, these things were burned that they might go up in smoke for the use of Her Majesty in the spirit world."

In 1910 a government commission to study prison reform in Western countries, started on a tour of the world. That same year a decree was issued abolishing child slavery, which, unhappily, the government had no power to enforce. In Peking the first National Assembly of China held its initial meeting.

The year 1911, destined to witness the most momentous happenings of all, began with an awful scourge of pneumonic plague in the north. The people were familiar with bubonic plague which could be controlled in a measure, but the pneumonic was different. It was one hundred per cent fatal and the Chinese were terrified. In Ming-Kwong they read with sober faces the placards which the local magistrate had ordered posted, telling of its devastations. That summer, floods in Central China caused suffering which beggars description, and while the water did not reach Ming-Kwong, the people felt the scarcity of rice and the increase in its cost.

In October came the climax! On the ninth of the month the accidental explosion of a bomb revealed an anti-dynastic plot on foot, and two days later in the city of Wuchang, the Revolutionary storm broke in all its fury. It was amazing with what swiftness the immediate purpose of the Revolution was accomplished. City after city quickly raised the white flag of secession, sometimes only a piece of cotton cloth or a handkerchief but enough to show it had "gone over" as the expression ran. Ming-Kwong was among the first to hoist the signal, which a foreign passenger on a river boat spied at a distance through his "Thou-

sand Mile Eye," as the Chinese called his telescope.

For months the excitement continued at white heat, till lo, in place of the Ta Ching dynasty of the alien Manchus, there at last arose, phoenix-like, the young Republic of China!

1912—1918

OUTSTANDING MISSIONARY EVENTS

1912 Anglican Churches in China united in one General Synod and organized the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui.
1913 China National Conference.
1913 China Continuation Committee organized.
1913 Day of Prayer for China fixed by the Chinese Government.
1913 Buddhist, Catholic, Mohammedan and Protestant churches formed Society against Confucianism as the state religion.
1914 Mandate announcing complete religious freedom.
1914 Boy Scout Movement began.
1915 China Inland Mission celebrated jubilee at headquarters, Shanghai.
1916 Centenary of American Bible Society.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL EVENTS

1912 Inauguration of Republic of China, February.
1912 Commission appointed to devise alphabet.
1912 Great Britain recognized the Republic of China.
1913 U. S. recognized the Republic of China, May.
1914 China entered Postal Union, February.
1915 Japan's Twenty-one Demands to China.
1917 New constitution drafted under the Republic, February.
1917 War declared on Germany and Austria, August.
1918 United Government of South China established, Canton, June.
1918 Delegates appointed to Peace Conference in Europe, November.
1919 Government burned twelve million dollars' worth of opium purchased from Opium Combine.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER V

I. China National Conference: Chinese delegates.

II. China Continuation Committee: scope of work.

III. Effect of the Revolution on the life of China.
   A. Freedom and danger for women.

IV. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. in China.

V. New place and influence of the Christian Church.

VI. Union Christian colleges for women.

VII. Requirements for missionary service.

VIII. Christian literature for women and children.

Special Topics

1. The effect of the Revolution on your missionary work; on the life of the women and girls.
2. Trace the development of the union colleges for women in China: beginnings; progress; part your Board has had in this work.
3. Impersonate the Candidate Committee of your Board and examine a woman missionary candidate for China; requirements, equipment.
4. Contrast the books and magazines available for the Christian women of America and China.

CHAPTER V

1912-1917

"A Little One shall Become a Thousand and a Small One a Strong Nation"

Letters from Mrs. Gladden to a Friend in America

Ming-Kwong, Central China,
April 8th, 1913.

My dear Elizabeth:

It has been a long time since I wrote you a real newsy letter. We missionaries have *so* little time for friendly correspondence. I asked someone the other day, "How do you manage to write home letters?" "I don't write them," was the reply. Well, I am going to enjoy a cosy, old-time chat with you today, anyway.

The China National Conference, under the leadership of Dr. John R. Mott, closed a short time ago in Shanghai, and our delegates are back in Ming-Kwong. We sent three, one Chinese and two foreigners. Yes, *one Chinese!* Do you take that in? This is the first National Missionary Conference of which Chinese have been members, and where they were given the privilege of discussing mission as well as church questions. The alertness in debate of both Chinese ministers and laymen, their earnestness of conviction, the qualities of leadership they manifested, delighted everyone. At our last weekly missionary prayer meeting—we have big ones now that three Mission Boards

are represented in Ming-Kwong—the foreign delegates gave an interesting report of the Conference. Chinese and missionaries were more closely bound together than ever before and some mutual misunderstandings cleared up.

Recognition was given to the Independent Church in China. The independence movement has been growing very strong of late and at one time threatened a breach between missionaries and certain Chinese Christian leaders, but that danger has passed. To help answer the criticisms of non-Christians that the Church is a foreign institution, many delegates urged that the denominational names of the West be dropped when writing or speaking in Chinese, and that "Christian Church" be used instead. Self-support and industrial education were stressed. Emphasis too, was laid upon theological education as being the church's greatest need as well as its most difficult work. Strangely enough, the call for fuller theological training came chiefly from the Chinese. Cooperation between the various Missions was recognized anew as most essential, and to further it there was organized the China Continuation Committee, whose function in general is to coordinate, as far as possible, work in China with the ideals of the World Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh in 1910, and in particular to carry out the decisions and develop the ideals of our recent National Conference. This was the single constructive act of the Conference, but it was a basic one. The missionaries at this time in China number more than 5,500, so you see we are growing.

CHINESE EVANGELIST AND SOCIAL SERVICE WORKER LECTURING IN THE HOME CITY OF CONFUCIUS, CHUFÜHSIEN, SHANTUNG PROVINCE

April 9th—I was interrupted in writing yesterday. But interruptions are the order of the day with us missionaries. We shouldn't know how to live without them. This time it was a dear woman coming to thank me for a little gift I gave her baby, my small godchild. By the way, I remember that this particular gift, a pair of knitted booties, was from the box you sent me last winter. How I do appreciate the help you have all along so generously given! More than once some inexpensive article from home has proved the entering wedge to an otherwise sealed heart.

Now I want to tell you something about our work in Ming-Kwong. To go back a bit, it is astonishing how school work has developed since the Revolution. Students fairly tumble over each other in their eagerness to receive an education. We have now three fine mission high schools for boys and two for girls, besides many schools of lower grades, not to mention day schools in both city and country. Right here I want to say that these little day schools, insignificant as they may appear to some, are furnishing us the majority of our Christian leaders. Ask a man or a woman whose work is so good as to attract attention,"What is your native place?" and I think I am safe in saying that in nine cases out of ten the name of some small town or village will be given. "Where did you learn about the Christian religion?" "In the day school." We need our higher institutions of learning, but if it lay between sacrificing them or elementary schools, I should decide without hesitation in favor of the latter. Day schools are almost unequaled as centres of evangel-

istic work. The children carry the truth to their homes, and at this moment I recall more than one country station with a strong church which was the direct outgrowth of influences radiating from the local day school.

I wish you could be present at the graduating exercises of one of our High Schools, and hear the young people read their essays, listen to their class song, and watch them ascend the platform with poise and dignity, to receive their diplomas! I often mentally compare present conditions with those we had to meet during our early years in Ming-Kwong. Then even boy pupils were next to impossible to get; instead of pleasant, airy school-rooms, the children studied in dingy Chinese houses, cold in winter and hot in summer. Often the buildings had no windows, the only light coming from the entrance, which was partially closed much of the time. I marveled that the boys and girls had any eyesight left. It was a Presbyterian Mission School in Shanghai which in 1896 started the custom of holding Commencement exercises and giving diplomas in girls' schools, and now I don't think there is a school in China, certainly not a mission school, that would dispense with it.

My reference to the students' class song reminds me of the times we used to have trying to teach the Chinese to sing. Robert, who isn't easily discouraged, would sometimes declare that he did not believe the Chinese had any ear at all for Western music and could never sing it well. Then Dorothea Smiley came out to start the good work for us in music and some

time later she was followed by Helen White, who took the pupils in hand and taught with an enthusiasm which was contagious. Well, to make a long story short, the day arrived when the entire body of High School students, those who had any voices at all, joined in giving a Christmas concert and one of the numbers on the program—please don't laugh, Elizabeth—was the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the Messiah. Of course it was ambitious, perhaps absurdly so, but then.....! After a few minutes I could scarcely see for the blur before my eyes and when I looked around at Robert, there he sat with the slow tears coursing down his cheeks and softly ejaculating, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

I was told by one of our Ming-Kwong missionaries, who was in Foochow a while ago for some special evangelistic work at Easter time, that the best singers in the schools of the three Mission Boards working there unite each year in giving an Easter Monday concert, whose music, he said, is simply wonderful.

Yes, these people can sing Western music when they are taught it properly. But I think most of us feel that the time is soon coming when the church hymnals now in use must give place to song books prepared by the Chinese, whose hymns will be largely of their own composition, and adapted, as only they can adapt them, to Chinese psychology.

I have often written you how difficult it has been to keep our girl students in school long enough to complete their course of study. Parents were continually taking them away to be married to the men to whom

they had been betrothed in childhood, and this habit so broke in upon our work that we finally had to make it a rule to receive no boarding school pupil whose family would not promise in writing to let her remain with us a given number of years. Now we are troubled with government schools seeking our students for teachers.

The government system of education here is lax, expensive and unsystematized. Many schools, hastily started in the early days of the reform fever, have either died or languished. Their great need is good teachers, and this the government realizes, but, until men and women have been trained in the Provincial Normal Schools, the only source of supply is mission schools. In their eagerness to secure our undergraduates—those graduating usually marry at once on leaving us—School Boards hold out every inducement, giving the girls Sunday as a holiday, excusing them from bowing each morning before the ancestral tablet of Confucius, and promising large salaries. Naturally the offers are tempting and we lose many of our girls.

Some we are glad to have go for the good they will do in their new positions. There is Ching-chien, for instance. When she first came to us years ago she was a rabid little heathen. She wanted an education, but would walk the floor of her room by the hour inveighing against the Bible and the Christian religion. When she was converted however, she was saved through and through. Ching-chien belonged to a high official family that was enraged at her acceptance of Christianity. She was for a long time kept a prisoner in

her home, her beautiful clothes and jewels taken from her—threatened, persecuted, reviled, entreated. But she held firm and had at last the great joy of seeing one after another of her proud clan bow in humble adoration at the feet of the Saviour in whom she had put all her trust. She is now teaching in a high grade government school for girls in Ming-Kwong, and, from what I hear indirectly—for Ching-chien herself tells me very little—she is right along winning trophies for the Kingdom. Her sweet loving spirit draws the pupils to her like a magnet. Though not permitted to talk Christianity in school hours there is nothing to hinder her from doing so at other times. It was some of the girls themselves who asked her to hold Bible classes during the ten minute interim between recitations, and, the principal offering no objection, she is doing this daily, with an ever increasing number of earnest young inquirers. "You are different from our other teachers," they say to her. "You have something we cannot explain, a life, a power, a joy. Can we have it too?"

Were you not surprised to read that the Chinese government had asked the Christian Church to set aside the 29th of April, 1912, as a day of prayer for China? Officials everywhere were bidden on the Day of Prayer to go to Christian churches and join in worship with the Christians. We had inspiring services here in Ming-Kwong, and in our largest church, before a packed house, the chief magistrate made an address in which he thanked the missionaries for bringing the Christian religion to China.

I tell you, Elizabeth, the time has passed in this country when Christianity is either unknown or ignored. When was it seen before that Western-trained young men, imbued with Christian principles, were picked out to help in shaping government policies? Not only that, but a number of high officials are openly accepting the Christian doctrine. At the close of the Revolution the demand for the Scriptures was the greatest ever known in China, which is saying a good deal, and the Bible and Tract Societies had all they could do to keep pace with it. Students in government schools asked to be taught the Scriptures; indeed, the head teacher of the Men's Normal School in Peking, one of the country's leading institutions, was simply forced to make Bible study a part of the curriculum.

None of us will ever forget New Year's Day, 1913, for it was then that the grounds of the Temple and Altar of Heaven in Peking, for the first time in history were thrown open to the public. You have read about that wonderful place, I am sure. If you haven't, please do. There is nothing just like it in all the world. How we did wish we might have been there to see a missionary stand on the balcony of the Temple, opposite the main entrance, and preach the Gospel! What was still more marvellous, a Chinese woman, wife of a city pastor, proclaimed the Truth that day in the sacred enclosure to an attentive crowd. It was perhaps well we were not present, for I fear my dear husband, in rapture of spirit, would have been caught up to the third heaven and never come back to earth,

and I do want him to stay here with me a while longer!

Ming-Kwong, October 4, 1914

My dear Elizabeth:

The European War is causing a great stir among the Chinese. One of our teachers said to Robert the other day, "I hear there is war among foreigners." "Yes, *Hsien Sheng*, I am sorry to say it is true." "But Shepherd, you have always said that God was a God of love and all men were brothers. How then can there be fighting and bloodshed?" Robert tried to explain, though not to the satisfaction of either the teacher or himself. The man went away grave and puzzled, repeating in an undertone, "The Shepherd *said* that God was a God of love." We often have questions put to us that are hard to answer. This was recently propounded by a schoolboy to one of our Ming-Kwong missionaries: "If Jesus died for the whole world, why did China have to wait so long to hear about Him?"

I have just returned from my weekly visit to our Model Prison, where I go every Sunday morning to hold a service for the women prisoners. These new prisons began to appear as soon as the Commission on Prison Reform returned at the close of 1910 from their round the world trip, and in most respects they are rightly called "Model." The one thing I could criticise in our Ming-Kwong prison is that while the conditions for men are about perfect, those for women are not as good as they should be, too many persons being crowded into a cell and not enough industrial work

provided. But this will be changed in time. The improvement over the old prisons is beyond expression. So horrible were those dens of iniquity that they were commonly spoken of as "Hell" and the saying was current that a prisoner went in at the front door, to emerge soon at the back, in his coffin.

Speaking of coffins reminds me that one of our missionary men has just received from the Chinese a coffin as a birthday gift. To the donors, it was a most fitting expression of their love, and something any of them would have been glad personally to possess. Just where our foreign friend will keep his coffin we have not learned. The Chinese of the poorer class frequently set their own in the family living room where they are found to be useful as well as ornamental. An elderly neighbor of ours has chained his coffin to the floor, to prevent its being stolen by his covetous, unfilial daughter-in-law.

One of our missionary doctors had an amusing experience last summer. A man was stricken with cholera, and as his people fully expected him to die they dressed him in his burial clothes and laid him on a wooden trestle to breathe his last, as is the custom. The doctor, hearing of it, had the poor fellow brought to the hospital, cured him and sent him home in a pair of foreign trousers and a foreign hat. The man's family, supposing their kinsman dead, and appalled to see him appear, especially in such strange attire, at once jumped to the conclusion that his spirit had come to take revenge upon them for not giving him better care. As for the grateful patient himself, he assured

the doctor his one desire when he died was to be reincarnated a donkey that he might carry his benefactor around on his back.

I must stop to tell you one other story, for these incidents will give you an idea of our life and work as perhaps no formally prepared report would do. Across the street from us is a family with but one child and that a little girl. As no son was born to them, instead of adopting a boy which is so often done, the parents dressed their daughter in boy's clothes. A few nights ago the father died. Before life was extinct, his little girl, the make-believe son, was sent abroad to beat a gong and call the departing spirit back home. For hours the poor child, frightened and almost exhausted, wandered to and fro through the streets. Meantime, a rude platform had been erected in front of the dying man's house above which was hung a pair of Chinese trousers into which the returning spirit might readily slip. You can imagine we didn't get much rest that night! It will be a long time before old superstitions die—not in Robert's day and mine surely—yet there are indications in various quarters that they are on the wane.

There have been great material changes in Ming-Kwong since we first came here. The city is now lighted with electricity, not brilliantly but in certain sections very well indeed; we have a fire department with one engine, a Chinese bank where we can actually cash home checks—it was so difficult in the old days to get money to us—a Municipal Health Department which accomplishes something, and is better than none at all,

a few very good stores selling foreign canned goods and other western commodities, a telegraph office and a post-office. The government postal system was inaugurated in 1896 and has developed so rapidly, especially since the Revolution, that its ramifications reach to the most out of the way places in distant provinces. We in Ming-Kwong are now linked to the outside world by a railway, poorly built to be sure, and poorly operated, but after all, *such* a blessing.

The Revolution roused the country from its lethargy to an extent formerly undreamed of, and resulted in some amazing transformations. But it is generally conceded by foreigners in China that the government's recognition of the need of an educated womanhood is, as one has expressed it, "the most dramatic and revolutionary forward step in the intellectual history of mankind." That is a strong statement but I think a true one. Along with it I will put the pronouncement of a veteran American Board missionary, whose opinions always carry great weight, that "the emancipation of Chinese women is the outstanding reform of the present age."

At this point, though, I must confess, the women of China are facing a grave danger. You see it is like this; through the centuries the Chinese have acquired a toleration of monotony akin to their toleration of hard physical conditions. With the exception of an occasional wedding, funeral, devil procession or something of the sort, there is a terrible sameness in the lives of most of the people. This very minute I can look out of the window of the room where I am writ-

ing, on a row of small shops which are open from sixteen to eighteen hours, day after day, seven days in the week. The owners and their apprentices, nude to the waist or enveloped in padded coats, according to the time of the year, scarcely know the meaning of rest, comfort, recreation or holiday, except at the China New Year season.

But the inflow of Western ideas following the Revolution awakened in the Chinese almost a craze for excitement, change, amusement, and many rushed into all kinds of excesses with an abandon hitherto foreign to them. This spirit was, if anything, more marked in women, young women, than in men, perhaps because of the very seclusion in which their lives had been passed. They were like prisoners suddenly set at liberty, or caged birds at last free to try their wings in the inviting expanse of ether. "We have a republic now; we can do anything," flippantly asserted a debonair youth to a Ming-Kwong missionary as an excuse for trying to entice one of her school girls to accompany him unchaperoned to a mixed dance, the circumstances of which from beginning to end were against every time-honored tradition of the Chinese.

We missionaries recognize that this craving for diversion is instinctive and natural, and within bounds perfectly legitimate, and have been praying for help to meet the need. I cannot speak too highly of the splendid work already done by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. along the line of the social application of Christianity, but we believe the church also has a contribution to make. We have had our Sunday

and week-day preaching services, our Sunday Schools, Young Peoples' meetings and evangelistic campaigns, but for some reason the recreational side of our work has been sadly neglected.

We have started out to rectify the mistake, however, and mean soon to have in Ming-Kwong one real institutional church, or as I like better to call it, Community Church. We are planning for a reading-room, night school, gymnasium, mother's club, baby welfare work,—one of our best Chinese Christian women has promised to come every day and demonstrate how to feed, clothe and bathe babies,—a kindergarten, day schools for boys and girls, Bible classes, of course, and other good things. Our scheme is pretty ambitious, you see, but we want to lay broad foundations and then build on them as fast as we can. We purpose, also, to entertain the Chinese more in our homes, although Robert and I have always endeavored to do this. Our own home is simple, as you see from the kodak pictures I have sent you, but we try to make it attractive, and I feel more than repaid when women visitors of the poorer class look around them with delighted contentment, or exclaim, as one did once in half-awed tones, "Will not heaven be like this?"

It grows upon me that we missionaries should cultivate the most friendly contact with the Chinese. They crave our friendship, not given in a condescending spirit, but the close, personal touch. After all, hearts everywhere are pretty much the same, and what this old world is crying out for more than anything else is love, just love and plenty of it. The Chi-

nese I can assure you, are worth knowing. An American missionary in North China after fifty years on the field, made this statement not long ago, "Two impressions stand out with great distinctness. The first is the wonderful qualities of the Chinese people, their marvelous patience, perseverance and endurance which give them a 'survival value' excelled by none. A second is the quality and permanence of the friendships which we form for one another here."

I was much interested not long ago in reading something written by Sir Robert Hart, for nearly half a century Inspector-General of the Maritime Customs in China. In spite of his long years of faithful service he was threatened with massacre by the Boxers in 1900, yet this is what he wrote soon afterward: (I will quote only a few sentences)—"The Chinese..... believe in right so firmly that they scorn to think it requires to be supported by or enforced by might; they possess and practice an admirable system of ethics, and they are generous, charitable, and fond of good works; they never forget a favor and they make rich returns for any kindness; in no country that is or was, has the commandment 'honor thy father and thy mother' been so religiously obeyed as it is among the Chinese." All that these two persons have said Robert and I can endorse from our hearts. Many of our truest, warmest, most valued friends in this or any other country, are Chinese. They have brought untold blessing into our lives and we daily thank God for them.

Ming-Kwong, January 1, 1915

Beth dear:

As this is a holiday I have a little leisure for letter-writing. A good many Chinese are calling upon us, remembering that this is the first day of the foreign New Year. They are the more punctilious since the China New Year, which generally begins in our February, means so much to them. That is the season of universal holiday-making, the one time of the year when the smallest shopkeeper stops business for a few days and dons his best garments, and the most wretched coolie manages to save enough coppers to buy an extra bowl of rice and a bit of pork, the "great meat" of China. We missionaries fall in with the custom and give our Mission School students a China New Year instead of a Christmas vacation, though closing the schools of course on Christmas and on our New Year's day.

The first seven days of the China New Year have been set aside as a "Week of Evangelism" throughout China. Special meetings are held, Christian literature distributed and much personal work done by church members and students, who are all carefully trained in advance for the work. The Gospel is preached in shops, private homes, temple areas, on the street, wherever a hearing can be had. Our out of town students, before they leave for their homes, are urged to be "instant in season and out of season" in telling the story of Jesus to their relatives and friends.

The zeal of many of the young people is wonderful.

I have known them often to stay up till one o'clock at night, explaining the "Doctrine" to crowds of neighbors who hung on their words and refused to disperse. The interest of the people, I must admit, does not lie altogether in the Christian message, but such is their regard for scholarship that anything said by a student fresh from the halls of learning has a compelling fascination for them. Still, the opportunity for seed-sowing is unusual and not a little precious fruit is gathered in. Best of all, Christians gain experience in personal evangelistic work, and since China must eventually be saved through the efforts of her own people, this kind of practical drill counts for much.

During the past two years Sherwood Eddy has held remarkable evangelistic meetings in most of the principal cities of China, including Ming-Kwong. So great were the crowds that they overflowed our largest city hall and this year, on an open plot of ground the officials loaned to us, a bamboo mat shed was erected, seating more than a thousand. It was filled, literally packed, every night, and largely with students and literati. Many indicated a desire to attend Bible classes, but this follow-up work is difficult because we lack a sufficient number of trained Chinese to help in teaching the classes. However, it was an enormous gain that so many of our thinking, intelligent men heard the Gospel preached even once. These special services were a help, too, in reviving and strengthening our own church members. I am glad to tell you that the Christian Church in China is taking on new life year by year.

You probably read about the struggle of Confucianists in 1913 to reestablish Confucianism as the state religion. Immediately after the Revolution in 1911 Confucian ceremonies were discontinued and ancestral worship declined. Then came a reaction when the old-time practices were renewed with fresh zeal and loyalty. A Society to push Confucianism as the state religion was formed in Peking and a petition that it be made so presented to Parliament. When matters had reached this crisis the Chinese Church quite voluntarily arose to oppose the movement, and with a unity, strength and determination we had scarcely believed possible. Petitions sent to Christians the country over, asking for spiritual, moral and financial help, met with a ready response, and it was not long before a presidential mandate was issued putting an end to the Confucian agitation.

Ming-Kwong, October 10, 1915

My dear Elizabeth:

Wedding bells are ringing in Ming-Kwong! Can't you almost catch their "joyful sound"? Two of our finest young missionaries were married in the Community Church a few hours ago and have just started for a houseboat trip on the river, a favorite way of spending the honeymoon out here. It is not easy for young folks to "make love" to each other in China. Long acquaintance and short engagements are best in a country where social customs differ so radically from our own. Tomorrow a Chinese couple are to be joined in wedlock. The groom is a brilliant young

A PRACTICAL LESSON IN HOUSE BUILDING; GIRLS' SCHOOL, CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, FOOCHOW, FUKIEN PROVINCE

doctor with a degree from Edinburgh University, and the bride an Oberlin graduate, who for two years has taught in one of our High Schools. The courtship of the contracting parties was attended with far greater difficulties than in the case of the foreigners. They were too modern to submit to the old-style "go-between"; indeed, they had fallen in love in quite a new-style way. Though Wen Yin, the girl, lives with her parents in Ming-Kwong, her Prince Charming could not call on her at her home for the simple reason she had nowhere to receive him, and, had there been a place, the family would have been scandalized at such a procedure. I gave the young people the use of my parlor, but they did not dare to occupy it often, nor did I dare to leave them long alone. "Why, Mother Gladden," said Wen Yin, one day, "before I went to America I never would have thought of shaking hands with a man, not even with my uncle whom I know and love so well. Chinese women never used to do such things and my own people are very conservative, as you know. I have to think of them."

Wen Yin will be married in a pale pink silk dress, made, I am glad to say, Chinese style and exquisitely embroidered. The traditional bridal dress is crimson satin. There will be a white tulle veil, and, I understand, a bride's bouquet, two altogether Western adjuncts. I have seen the wedding gifts, which fill an entire room. Among the dazzling array are a dozen padded quilts, each of a different colored silk or satin richly embroidered, and some rare old plate and painted scrolls,—priceless heirlooms.

I have said that Wen Yin graduated from Oberlin College. She was the first girl in Ming-Kwong to be educated abroad, and I am hoping she may be the last, that is, to leave the country for undergraduate work. In the first place it isn't advisable, and secondly it is no longer necessary. It is inadvisable because of the temptations students meet and which young people in their "teens" are too often not stable enough to resist, and for the reason that protracted residence abroad has a strong tendency to denationalize them and so unfit them for life at home. It is not necessary because of the splendid educational advantages now offered in China. We have two fine union colleges for women in China, the North China Union Women's College, which dates from 1909 and already has sent forth a number of promising graduates, and Ginling College in Nanking,—Ginling being the old name for Nanking,—that has just opened its doors this year, 1915. There are also three women's medical colleges, those in Canton and Soochow, denominational, and the more recent one in Peking, a union institution.

What I say of girls' education applies equally to that for young men. There are denominational and union mission colleges and universities, scattered all the way from Peking to Canton, and from Shanghai to Chengtu, the capital of far-western Szechuan on the borders of Thibet. Then the national government university in Peking, established as early as 1898, is yearly gaining in repute, and along with other higher government institutions, offers excellent educational advantages. If only young Chinese would take their

undergraduate work in their own country, and then later, when their ideas are formed and their character established, go abroad if it seemed best for a period of post-graduate study, I should feel they were following an ideal course. And my views, I find, are shared by missionaries generally and by numbers of thoughtful Chinese.

Ming-Kwong, May 12, 1916.

Dear Elizabeth:

Have I ever told you about our industrial schools in Ming-Kwong? They are among the most important departments of our work. Several years ago one of the younger men missionaries started a boys' school that was both academic and industrial. Today it is laughingly spoken of as a "howling success!" The school began a good distance out in the country with thirty-two students. It was housed in a temple because there was no money with which to put up a school building. What would China missionaries do, I wonder, if they could not make use of temples! The time is carefully divided between book study and industrial work. Various industries are taught—tailoring, carpentry, photography, printing, farming. The school is very democratic, for there are both rich boys and poor boys among the students. Many whose parents are too poor to pay for their sons' schooling, are here enabled, by doing extra industrial work, to meet their own expenses and receive a good education. But every boy, irrespective of his financial status, must spend four hours a week in farming. Now how was work on the

school-farm going to be made attractive to the boys? Manual labor of any kind is, or has been anyway, despised by Chinese scholars, and every school-boy is one in embryo. But through tact and perseverance, and by the missionary himself handling the hoe and plough in the sight of the boys, the old prejudice was overcome, and so thoroughly that the scholars are now actually proud when they can show the teacher callouses on their upturned palms.

It has always been a problem with us how to reach the *taitais* or wives of the officials and gentry. Finally some one in the mission suggested that we open a class in plain sewing and fancy work. The plan worked like a charm and it was not long before we had as many in attendance as we could conveniently teach. Later we added a class in cooking. One of our most regular members is the wife of an official, who, until she came to us, had not been outside of her own compound for twenty years. In the cooking class we asked the women to wear aprons and gave them a pattern so they could make their own. They made the aprons but declined to wear them. These *taitais* could not be treated like children and made to obey. But when they saw the missionaries each time cheerfully donning big aprons, and found that they were getting their own expensive silken garments spotted and spoiled, it was not long before they followed the rule with lamb-like docility.

We have recently opened self-help departments in our girls' boarding schools in Ming-Kwong. The students do pretty fancy work which is sent in summer

to the different resorts, where it finds a ready sale among foreigners. This is a better way, we think, to help a poor girl through school, than to put her on a full scholarship, for it not only preserves her self-respect but gives her a new sense of the value of her education, since she has to work for it.

Ming-Kwong, March 28, 1917

My dear Elizabeth:

This is our "rainy season," and a muddier, slushier, wetter place than our city you never saw! The dampness has got into the houses. Last night Robert complained he couldn't sleep because the pillows smelled so musty, so today I am trying to dry them out by the kitchen fire. Last week on opening a wardrobe—we don't have closets—I found one of my good dresses so covered with mildew one couldn't have told the pattern of the goods. Leather is especially subject to mildew, and our shoes, suitcases, leatherbound books, etc., have to be watched carefully or they deteriorate beyond repair. My few kid gloves I am keeping in a sealed mason jar in which I put a lump of lime, so I am hoping to save them. If only we might have one bright day I would hurry everything out of doors for a good airing, but the hours of sunshine are few and far between.

Before I begin to write about really serious matters, I want to thank you for sending me the magazine "Modern Priscilla." You meant it for use in our Chinese women's sewing classes, and it has been wonderfully helpful and suggestive there, but please don't think

we missionaries are *too* light and trifling, when I tell you it has also been greatly enjoyed by us, especially the younger people. Each new number is passed around from hand to hand and many fine ideas are gleaned from it. Though we are missionaries in an inland station, it *is* nice to be a bit like home folks in our dress.

But what I started out to write about was our Chinese nurses, in whom we take the greatest pride and pleasure. When any of our young men or women decide to study medicine they are obliged to go to some other city where there is a medical school, but embryo nurses may take their work right here, as we have two excellent nurses' training schools in Ming-Kwong, one for men and one for women.

The time has gone by when we must accept raw, uneducated candidates or none at all. The profession of nursing, which had been gradually rising in the estimation of the people, was materially helped forward by the organization in 1912 of the Nurses' National Association of China, which is for both Chinese and foreigners, and men as well as women. The three-year course is a good, stiff one, and only those are able to qualify who have been through the grammar school. I do not know of any college women who have taken up nursing—there is still a lingering feeling among them that they are too good for such work—but I believe the time is coming when they will. The day, too, is not far distant when men in China will no longer be needed as nurses, though, in a conservative city like Ming-Kwong, they cannot be dispensed with for some years perhaps.

In our women's hospital we have a foreign trained nurse, Margaret Nelson, whose lovely spirit and skill have been a blessing in more ways than I can tell you. I heard something yesterday which will give you an idea of her influence. A hurried call came for Dr. Goodenough to rush to a city home in connection with an obstetrical case, but the Doctor was not at the hospital, so Nurse "Peggy" went in her stead. The baby had been born, but still-born, and interested neighbor women were stationed at intervals along the street, uttering a weird chant to "call the spirit back." It was known by them that the foreigner had been sent for and between chants, the question passed anxiously from one to another, "Is she coming? Is she coming?" Finally she was sighted, and the chanting again stopped for the word to be carried down the line, "Here she is! Here she is!" Nurse Peggy disappeared inside the patient's house. A few manipulations of the tiny body started the heart beating, and soon a baby's first cry caught the ears of the waiting women, who shouted joyfully to each other, "The spirit has arrived! The spirit has arrived!" Do the people love Nurse Peggy? Well, what do you think! I can remember the time when the mothers of some of these very women fled in affright whenever I drew near and slammed their doors in my face. Great have been the changes since those days!

I often wish I could introduce you personally to our Ming-Kwong missionaries. I am thinking now more particularly of our women, and our younger ones. We have a variety of types. There is Ann Slocum, for

instance, a timid, shrinking soul. One almost wonders she had the courage to come to the mission field. But God called her and that is sufficient answer. On reaching Ming-Kwong, for some unaccountable reason she turned against the Chinese; they frightened, harrassed her. She was to work in the Bible Women's Training School, but it was useless to begin. We almost thought we should have to send her home, when one night she shut herself up in her room and spent hours in an agony of prayer. As she stepped into the breakfast room the next morning, a single glance at her face showed she had won a great victory. A child peeped in at the door. Ann held out her arms and after an instant's hesitation, the little one flew to them. Ann is now one of our best workers, fairly adored by the Chinese.

Tall "Madame Propriety" as we call our beloved Agnes, is thoroughly conventional. She knows every rule of Chinese etiquette and has never been known to break one. She is most useful in work among the *tai-tais*, where form and ceremony are a *sine qua non*. Adelaide is the exact opposite of Agnes; ardent, impulsive and sometimes getting into difficulties. But her frank sincerity and honesty of purpose quickly extricate her, and the way she brings things to pass in her work is the marvel of all. Dear little Hannah was a care to us for a while. On her own confession she came to China because of a falling out between herself and her lover. She liked dress, society, and fun and did not want to be called a "missionary." Hannah is no longer in Ming-Kwong but living in a distant, lonely

A FEW OF THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN IN THE MOTHERCRAFT SCHOOL, HUCHOW, CHEKIANG PROVINCE

out-station. We hardly dared to propose that she go there, but it seemed necessary, and I must say the girl is doing magnificently, which shows she had the right stuff in her all the time.

But since you are a member of your church's Missionary Candidate Committee, Elizabeth, I want to say something, and please don't forget it. You can't study your candidates too carefully. More and more our young recruits are college-bred men and women, and that is fine, for we need the best. But college diplomas, attractive personalities, social gifts, versatility—all these assets weighed in the balance are found wanting if the essential qualification is lacking, Jesus Christ a living power in the soul and life. We need men and women who are dead in earnest, for missionary work, as someone has expressed it, is no "kid glove business." It means girding up the loins of one's strength and bending every energy to the task in hand. Now please don't misunderstand me. Missionaries must have periods of rest and recreation. We of an older day lost out because we did not take them, partly because it was not possible and also through mistaken ideas of duty. I well remember when Robert and I would never think of spending the precious moments of the day writing home letters, but did it in the small, wee hours of the night when we should have been sleeping. Now we see more clearly and act more wisely.

Old and young workers alike have much to learn from each other. New missionaries, fresh from home, are apt to think the veterans conservative and out-

of-date in their methods, forgetting that ripe experience counts for a great deal. On the other hand, we of an older generation need to guard against quenching the youthful enthusiasm of the newcomers. Mother Wang, one of our long-time Christians and a veritable saint, said to me recently, in speaking of the Chinese, "If a Christian is seen to be spiritual, faithful, industrious, others will be so." Her remark set me thinking about the influence exerted by missionaries. I wonder if we have not reached a new era in our work. The early period was essentially one of seed-sowing; now it is more the time of character building. I am sure we are being watched in a way we scarcely realize by both Christians and non-Christians. Many will study us who never open the covers of a Bible. May God help us to be true, genuine epistles, "known and read of all men."

In this connection I want to tell you of a conversation I had only the other day with our Dr. Wise, whom you will recall, came to Ming-Kwong a few years after we did. I think he never fully recovered from the tension he was under when he and Mrs. Wise stayed in Ming-Kwong during the Boxer Uprising. Anyway, he is stricken with a malady which confines him to a rolling chair. After the active life he has led, we know it must be a sore trial to be laid aside, yet he never utters a word of complaint and is one of the most uniformly cheerful persons in the Mission. During the talk with him I speak of, I was privileged to have one little glimpse into his heart. "I have often wondered," said the Doctor, "why God should disable

me when there is so much work to be done and I long to be up and at it. But one evening, as I sat here in prayer, the words God spoke to Moses were brought to my mind as if addressed directly to me, 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' Then I thought, 'wherever God in His providence puts any of His children, that place for them is holy ground.' So I am content to rest here." As I looked into the Doctor's shining face, a hush fell over my spirit, for it seemed as if I too, was on "holy ground," and I went away with a new sense of God's love and nearness.

Ming-Kwong, December 20, 1917

Dearest Elizabeth:

I can only write a little letter today but there are several encouraging items of news I am especially anxious to pass on to you. This year, 1917, will always be historic because in it opium was officially banished from China. Henceforth the planting, importation or sale of opium except for medicine, will be illegal, and may they remain illegal for all time! No greater moral victory was ever won by any nation.

We are especially happy because this fall one of the brightest young women in Ming-Kwong, a thoroughgoing Christian, has entered as a student the Bible Teachers' Training School for women in Nanking. I must tell you about that school, more I mean, than perhaps you already know. The school—this is the only one of the kind in China—was started in 1912 as a union institution in which seven Mission Boards have an interest. It is for high grade pupils only, those who

have had more than an elementary education and some experience in practical work. There are High School graduates among the students and I know of at least one college woman who took a partial course. Candidates must be between twenty and forty years of age, the average being twenty-seven. The aim of the school, as stated in the constitution, is

First—To give to educated women a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures.

Second—To deepen the spiritual life of the student.

Third—To train students for efficient leadership.

You would be convinced that the school is fulfilling its aim nobly if I could tell you about the work some of the graduates are doing. The college woman is now a frontier missionary in the unevangelized province of Yunnan. Do you remember reading at the time of the Boxer Uprising that two Peking officials were bidden to send telegrams to the viceroys of the central and southern provinces ordering them to kill all foreigners, and that by changing a single word in the messages they lost their own lives but saved the foreigners? Well, a recent graduate of the Nanking Bible Training School is a daughter of one of those men, Yuan Chang. She is a devoted Christian, and, among her other gifts, is quite an artist. Her colored drawings, illustrating Bible stories, adorn the walls of the schoolrooms and are used with profit in the classes and in other ways. The girl is married, with a young family, and as her income is small, she is continually offering her personal jewels for sale that she may have more money to put into the work. The missionaries

do not feel it would be right for her to part with all her valuables, and in order to prevent it, keep some locked up in the school safe.

Our own Yu Lan expects when she graduates to be church evangelist in one of our Community centres, and we are hoping for large things from her. There will always be a need in China for women workers of less specialized training, so that denominational Bible Women's Training Schools, with a curriculum adapted to a different type and grade of student, are as necessary and useful as ever. But the time has come when we must have leaders, I might almost say, leaders of leaders, and women as well as men, who can influence the most thoughtful and highly educated as well as the common people.

I cannot close this letter without a few words about China's two interdenominational missionary periodicals, *The Woman's Magazine* or *Nü To Pao*, as it is called, and *Happy Childhood*. Each Mission has its own publications, but the two I have mentioned fill a place and supply a need all their own. As yet the Chinese neither as individuals nor families subscribe much for current literature. I should like to see a copy of the *Nü To Pao* and *Happy Childhood* in every home I enter, certainly in every Christian home. But we shall have to wait awhile for that hope to be realized. Meantime the different Missions in Ming-Kwong through their schools, church societies, clubs, and in other ways are putting the papers into as many hands as possible. Both sheets are illustrated and are about ideal in their make-up. Every new issue of

Happy Childhood brings the children together like bees around a honey pot. I could wax quite eloquent on this subject were I not so crowded for time. But send to your Mission headquarters, Elizabeth, for sample copies of the magazines. You can get some idea of their charm even if you don't read Chinese!

1918—1924

OUTSTANDING MISSIONARY EVENTS

1918 Chinese organized Chinese Home Missionary Society.

1919 First six Chinese home missionaries opened work in Yunnan.

1921-22 Visit of Educational Commission to China; Professor Burton of Chicago and well-known Christian educators of America, Great Britain and China.

1922 11th conference of the World's Student Christian Federation; met for first time in China.

1922 National Christian Conference, Shanghai, out of which grew the National Christian Council.

1922 Dedication of Peking Union Medical College, Rockefeller Foundation.

1923 First annual meeting of National Christian Council.

1923 National Chinese Y. W. C. A. formed.

1923 Dedication of new buildings, Ginling College, Nanking.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL EVENTS

1921 Washington Conference reaffirmed Open Door principle; cancelled Anglo-Japanese obligation.

1922 Japanese signed Shantung Agreement, May.

1922 Strained relations between China and Japan noticeably improved by Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament.

1922 Survey of industrial problems of China.

1922 Large strikes and labor unions, patterned after western model.

1922 China's international relationships improved.
1. Withdrawal of Japan from Shantung.
2. Removal of foreign post offices from China.

1922 Balance of China Famine Fund placed at disposal of Nanking and Peking Universities for prevention of future famines.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VI

I. Chinese Home Missionary Society organized.

II. Chinese Student Volunteer Movement.

III. National Christian Conference.
   A. Chinese leadership.
   B. The place of women.
   C. Action on industrial problems.
   D. The National Christian Council.

IV. Present-day student movements.

V. Achievements of Christian missions in China.

Special Topics

1. Make an illustrated map study of your denominational work in China today: number and names of missionaries; schools; churches and membership; types of work.
2. Cooperative work with other denominations: extent; results.
3. Tell the story of the organization of the Chinese Home Missionary Society and of the sending out of the first missionaries.
4. List results of missionary work in China.

CHAPTER VI

1918-1924

"Arise, Shine; for Thy Light is Come, and the Glory of the Lord is Risen Upon Thee"

LILY VALLEY, nestling among the mountains of Kuling in Central China, has been the scene of many an inspiring gathering. But probably influences never went forth from there quite so potent as those in the summer of 1918 which gave rise two years later to the formal organization of the Chinese Home Missionary Society. This Society is not a sectional or denominational organization; it is a part of the indigenous Christian Church. Neither did foreigners give the initial impulse. The thought had its birth in the hearts of the Chinese, was fostered by Chinese, and the work from the beginning has been largely financed by them, indeed, altogether, except for certain voluntary gifts. No Mission Board subscribes to it. "Missionaries have toiled long and faithfully for China; is it not time that we put forth an effort in behalf of our own people?" So reasoned the Christians assembled at Kuling and the response was immediate and, ere long, nation-wide.

This was not the first home missionary work done by the Chinese. The Anglican Mission, which is the union of three mission bodies, the Church Missionary

Societies of Great Britian and of America and the Canadian Church Mission, at the triennial meeting of its Synod in 1915 organized a Home Missionary branch of the work. Its field is Sianfu, the capital of the northern province of Shensi, and once the capital of China itself. The old city has an added historic interest from the fact that it was there the Nestorians, first Protestant missionaries to China, settled in 636 A. D. and in 781 left, as a memorial of their labors, an inscribed stone tablet, bearing the impress of the Maltese Cross. The work in Sianfu and vicinity, which has developed rapidly, is in the hands of the Chinese. The spirit of the preacher in charge is that of a true missionary. When recently he was offered the pastorate of a large church at a tempting salary in Shanghai, he unhesitatingly declined, saying God had given him a definite "call" from which he could not turn aside. It is expected that before long the home missionary area in Shensi, now under the supervision of the Anglican bishop of Peking, will be made a separate diocese in charge of a Chinese bishop.

The women of the Anglican Mission are banded together in an affiliated organization, with a bright little Chinese widow as general secretary, who travels from diocese to diocese stimulating interest in the auxiliaries and forming new ones. Home Missionary work on a smaller scale, sometimes in conjunction with foreigners, but often controlled solely by the Chinese, has been going on for a longer or shorter period in many widely scattered parts of China. The Chinese Home Missionary Society, however, is the only independent,

non-sectarian movement which is also national in its scope, and for a time both native and foreign well-wishers watched the development of the new venture with prayerful solicitude. As a Chinese Church leader in Ming-Kwong once said, "This movement is surely inspired of God and hence it cannot fail; yet if such a thing were conceivable, the Christian Church in China would be set back a hundred years." But failure has never remotely shadowed the work, though there have been difficulties, hindrances, and problems in abundance, along with many encouragements and successes. The almost wholly unevangelized province of Yunnan was chosen by the Society as its first mission field, to which was later added Manchuria when the home missionary work in that vast area, begun years earlier by the Chinese of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, became an affiliated branch of the central organization.

It was at the close of a church service one Sunday morning in Ming-Kwong that blind Chen-kuan, a teacher in a Mission school for the blind, took Mother Gladden aside and told her she had decided to offer her services as a missionary in Yunnan. The latter was greatly surprised. "And give up the work where you are so useful, Chen-kuan?" "I shall not go till some one is found to take my place. But God is calling me," and the girl raised her sightless eyes to Mother Gladden's face. "For three days and nights I was not able to eat or sleep and I had no peace till I said to God, 'Here am I; send me.' I am told there are many blind people in Yunnan and not one to teach them. I feel I must go." Chen-kuan had not been away long before

glowing reports began to reach Ming-Kwong of the blessing she had brought to the capital city Yunnanfu, where she opened a school for the blind, won the love and confidence of her pupils, and through them found access to many of the most conservative homes. Among the entire group of Chinese missionaries, four men and five women, none were more useful than Chen-kuan. As soon as the Christians in Ming-Kwong learned that their townswoman was really going to Yunnan they pledged themselves to raise her salary that she might be their own missionary, and the carrying of this responsibility, often at the cost of great self-sacrifice, did much to keep up the spiritual tone of the churches.

There were at this time in Ming-Kwong representatives of five Mission Boards. Though they did not always agree on non-essentials, regarding important matters they were in perfect accord, and this had made possible in the past many united efforts resulting in large good. The missionaries finally decided the time had come for still closer union, so after prayerful discussion there was formed the Ming-Kwong Church Council, an affiliation of all the Christian forces, Chinese and foreign. On the ground where the Sherwood Eddy meetings had been held a permanent bamboo shed was put up, and in it, at stated periods during the year, evangelistic campaigns were conducted which attracted thousands, numbers of whom enrolled in Bible classes as sincere inquirers. The business headquarters of the Church Council were in a rented building next door to a newly organized union community centre.

Ming-Kwong was now blessed with four institutional churches, one of the most active being an independent organization under the Chinese, self-governing and self-supporting. Its members indeed, went so far as to decline to receive the smallest voluntary subscription from foreigners, though they gladly accepted from the local magistrate, on behalf of the municipality, the gift of a fine building site in the heart of the city. The various community features appealed to a class of influential, well-to-do people who had never been attracted to the church services. Many gave generously to the support of the work, and ended, not infrequently, in becoming earnest converts. A prominent example was that of the Commissioner of Foreign affairs, who in a whole-souled way accepted Christianity and remained one of its most zealous promulgators. He was not happy till his wife had entered into the same experience. It cost her a severe struggle to break away from the old beliefs and superstitutions, but when she did, so complete was her conversion, that she refused even to wear the wig to which she had been long accustomed, emphatically declaring, "Now that I am a Christian, I will have nothing false about me!"

Usually each Community centre, in addition to the numerous activities it had in common with the others, specialized in some particular type of work. One laid emphasis on playgrounds and physical training. In this connection the local Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. were most helpful, often furnishing teachers without charge and loaning apparatus the churches were not

able to buy. Another Community Church's strong point was baby welfare work. A Chinese nurse and Bible woman visited each week six strategic points in different parts of Ming-Kwong, one centre a day, and while the nurse was busy bathing from twenty-five to forty babies, the Bible woman gave the highly interested mothers simple talks on the Bible and home hygiene. All received an earnest invitation to attend the church services. A third Community group made a speciality of public baths for women and children. A half hour's bath, with plenty of hot water, and clean towels and soap, could be had for six coppers, about two cents American money. The towels of course were used but once and afterward boiled in a carbolic solution. Women flocked in such numbers to the bath-house that it was impossible to admit all, even with the individual time limit which it became necessary to impose. When one woman who had considerably exceeded her privilege was told she must hurry out, she called back, "How can I hurry when I haven't had a bath for seventeen weeks!"

No department of the work did more good than the kindergarten. One of the younger missionaries wrote home to her mother, "If you could look in on a roomful of our darling little rolypolies, I am sure you would lose your heart to them at once, for if there is anything more charming than a Chinese child of kindergarten age, I don't know what it can be. The reason most of the tots who come to us are healthy is not that their mothers understand how to feed and care for them properly, but because the sickly ones, as a

rule, die off. It is a matter of the 'survival of the fittest.' As I watch the little girls joining merrily in the games, I think with an ache in my heart of the time not far distant when many of those tender feet will be put in torturing bandages, and skipping and running be at an end. Did you ever imagine you would like to see a child's feet bound? Well, I can assure you, once would be enough. I would go miles out of my way to escape the sight unless I could do something to prevent it. The memory of the few times I have been an unwilling witness still haunts me like a nightmare. Foot-binding has decreased very perceptibly since I came to China, but I am afraid it will be a generation or more before it is a thing of the past in our inland city."

One of the best institutions in Ming-Kwong was the Union Kindergarten Training School, launched in 1917 and in which all five Missions participated. Trained kindergarten teachers were soon in such demand that the few early graduates did not begin to meet the needs in the city itself, to say nothing of calls that poured in from outside.

Social welfare work was started in Ming-Kwong by the missionaries going back and forth each day between their several compounds and the Community centres. Finally a group of single women decided to rent a house in the downtown district, make it as comfortable and sanitary as possible, and live close to their work. The good effect was almost instantaneous! Before then, the foreigners had been to the people—well, *foreigners*—beings separate and distinct, but now

they seemed to belong to them. The air was not so good in the congested part of the city, the noise was incessant and all day long, early and late, the Chinese were running in and out. "But is it not for just this we came to China?" the missionaries asked one of another, and never regretted having made the sacrifice.

The residents of Ming-Kwong will not forget the tribute paid by a noted General to one of the Institutional Churches because of the help given his wounded soldiers during fighting in the neighborhood. The great man made an official entry into the city, seated in his sedan chair and attended by an escort of two hundred and fifty soldiers. When the procession neared the church, the General alighted from his chair, took off his hat and walked past the building with bared head to show his respect and gratitude.

Philanthropy of a certain kind was not new to the Chinese. For centuries they had had their Homes for foundlings, impecunious widows and old people; had provided coffins for the dead and rice for the starving poor in winter. Their charities, however, were spasmodic, accompanied with graft and carried on chiefly for the purpose of storing up merit for themselves in the next world. But Christian social service attracted them; they responded to it, Christians and non-Christians alike. It was surprising with what swiftness the idea spread and expressed itself in practical ways. Mercantile firms started welfare work among their employees; business guilds founded industrial and other free schools for the poor; they opened cholera and general isolation hospitals, and gave generously to

SELECTING THE BEST COCOONS: CANTON CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

famine relief; while rich men and women fostered personally many kinds of private charities. The prevalent spirit was well illustrated by the story of two brothers whose father had died. One son wished to buy a coffin costing two thousand dollars, but his brother maintained that to spend five hundred dollars for a coffin and give fifteen hundred to an orphanage, would be a much better way of honoring the deceased.

The greatest hindrance to church work in Ming-Kwong—and the missionaries learned conditions were much the same everywhere in China—was the deplorable lack of trained men to direct it. Any pastor, it was felt, but especially one in charge of a Community Church, should understand how to make his field a force, for as a Ming-Kwong missionary well said, "Evangelism today means not one individual preaching, but a staff preaching, teaching, healing, helping men to Christ and serving men as He served them." Moreover, the city pastor must be an able preacher. Minor officials, educated business men, wide-awake students from the government and Mission schools, as well as young people who had studied abroad, made up a considerable part of many of the congregations. They required food for thought; the old-time, monotonous harangue would not do. Most of all, preachers and pastors of deep spirtuality were needed, men who engaged in the work not for a living but because of a "call," and whose best sermons would be their own close walk with God, for as said a bright young Normal School teacher in Ming-Kwong, "What we want is less doctrine and more Jesusism."

"Why are so few of our best young men entering the ministry?" was often asked. Among the reasons given, two stood out prominently; small salaries, and the low esteem in which the calling as a vocation was generally held, the latter due in part, to the many poorly qualified men already in the work. Indeed, it was a common thing, when a student failed in school, for his friends to remark, "Let him be a preacher; he can earn a living that way if in no other." But there was a deeper reason for the lack; the spiritual life of professing Christians as a whole, was not what it should have been. Many Chinese realized this and said—"It is too easy these days to be a Christian. Formerly when one accepted Christianity it meant sacrifice and suffering. But conditions have changed. What costs us little we prize little. Besides there is not enough thought of Christian work for the work's sake and too much of the reward it will bring in money."

After the Student Volunteer Movement in China was organized, two foreign field secretaries spent a year visiting schools, Mission and government, and did much to deepen the spiritual life of the students. At the first National Student Volunteer Conference in 1922, one hundred and thirty-five delegates gathered from near and distant provinces, some traveling all the difficult way on foot to save expense, and preaching as they journeyed. This Conference encouragingly revealed to its promoters, that there was still a valiant host who had not lowered the Christian standard. The large number of notable Chinese Christian lead-

ers was also brought prominently to the attention of the church, men of rare devotion, unusual intellect and thorough training.

At a ministerial Conference held about this time, the Chinese decided three grades of training schools were necessary, one for men with but a limited education whose work would be chiefly in country parishes, another enrolling only students with High School diplomas, and a third for college graduates, a single school of this highest grade being sufficient for all China. Such a one is the Divinity School of Peking University, which opened its fall term in 1923 with twenty-seven students, two of whom were women.

The Theological Seminary in Ming-Kwong, that started in early years as a Men's Bible Training School, included courses for both lower and middle grade students. It required, before a degree was granted, that, on the completion of the academic course, a year be given to practical social service in and about Ming-Kwong, with an intensive study of community methods. This was following the rule being very generally adopted in all the training schools throughout the country. In order to lift out of the ruts older preachers who had missed the advantages of a modern training, one of the Ming-Kwong missionaries found it profitable to hold district conferences lasting a week or ten days, where the men received helpful lessons in the preparation of sermons, pastoral visitation and church methods in general. It was astonishing how little many of them knew, but altogether heartening to find the majority such eager, apt pupils.

Next to the direct work of the Holy Spirit, nothing, it was found, so surely quickened the churches as the practice of self-support and self-propagation. For some time it had been the policy of the Ming-Kwong missionaries, by means of a systematized sliding scale, to withdraw support from the rural churches. First the members were thrown on their own resources in providing places of worship, then gradually responsibility for the support of the work itself was put upon them. They held their services in private homes, guild halls and temples, till enough money was raised to build a church. When that stage was reached, it was customary for all,—men, women and children, to turn in to help, and what a happy sense of proprietorship the smallest and weakest felt in the finished edifice, however humble it might be! "This is not the missionary's church but our very own!" they declared, and the worship held in it came to mean the expression of an indigenous Christianity, rather than as formerly, the religion of the West, transplanted in China, but still an exotic.

To forward the work of self-propagation the missionaries employed two methods. Sometimes they divided an unevangelized area between the Chinese and themselves, each pushing out from a common centre but the missionaries withdrawing as fast as the Chinese were able to take over the field. Or again, small groups of trained Chinese were sent to strategic points where they often camped for weeks and even months cultivating the acquaintance of the influential men of the city and explaining the Christian doctrine

to them. After Chinese initiative had been fully tested, and a good start made, one of the foreigners would put in an appearance to help get the work well established. It later became the fixed policy of the Mission to throw rural churches from the first on their own responsibility for support, since experience taught them that from the day these churches were planted they could be made self-supporting, if not, indeed, self-governing and self-propagating. More and more the missionaries realized that to the country rather than to the cities the church must look for her largest harvest. Eighty per cent of the people are farmers who under normal conditions are a kindly, simple-hearted class, easily won by the Gospel message. The present-day problem of the home in China, which is acute, must find its real solution in the myriad families of the small towns and villages.

But how are these multiplied centres to be reached by the evangelist, school-teacher, community worker? "What can be done for the thousands within our own area?" queried again and again the perplexed foreigners in Ming-Kwong. "More use should be made of the unpaid pastor and lay worker," said many. It was also suggested that the country pastor be school-teacher and welfare worker as well, a task none too heavy in small places. But in that case he must know something of agriculture and be able to teach a class of farmers' sons how to raise better crops as well as how to be better Christians. This was a very practical question and the missionaries were greatly pleased when word reached them that the Nanking School of

Theology had lately added to its curriculum a course in agriculture.

A visiting friend from the densely populated province of Shantung, gave the Ming-Kwong group an interesting account of a three-day Agricultural Institute held near his home. Said this gentleman—"You remember it used to be thought that preaching was the only missionary work there was. Now we know that social workers, office secretaries, dentists, architects, experts in agriculture and other technical sciences, may be as truly missionaries as evangelists pure and simple, provided they make saving souls their supreme objective. The idea of the Institute came to a brother missionary while engaged in famine relief where the call for better living conditions was brought home to him in a way he could not forget. He worked out a careful plan, then went to an unevangelized city and presented it to the officials, principals of schools and chief of police. Their approval was easily secured. My friend obtained the loan of a Taoist temple and two threshing-floors, with an adjoining field. On one threshing-floor he erected a large Gospel tent. The other, as well as the field, were reserved for demonstrations in farming. The agricultural exhibit was set forth in the temple. The officials saw to it that the Institute was well advertised, and on the opening day farmers from all around poured into the town like swarming bees. While daylight lasted there was a continuous round of demonstrations in farming, and when, as a climax, two ordinary farm animals drew a foreign plow, adapted

to use in China, across one of the threshing-floors, making a deep furrow in the hard, sun-baked ground, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. In the evenings, besides evangelistic meetings, talks were given on soil improvement, how to grow better cotton, anti-footbinding, the evils of gambling, opium smoking, and kindred topics. The farmers went back to their homes with new hope in their hearts. They had caught a vision of something better for body, mind and spirit, and could never be quite the same men again."

"Life wouldn't be worth living if there were no problems!" declared a Ming-Kwong doctor. "Then it must be exceedingly worth while for we always have plenty of them," laughed his colleague. The subject just then under discussion was the training of Chinese physicians. Was it better to give a full medical education to a few men, and an abbreviated course to a large number who would soon be prepared to engage in country practice as medical itinerants or become heads of branch hospitals in small centres? On the other hand was it the wiser policy, since no more than the outer fringe of suffering humanity could ever be touched by foreigners, for missionaries to train perfectly a few picked men who might stand as types to be safely copied by the Chinese. Regarding this question medical missionaries differed diametrically, and it looked as if the two methods would continue to be followed as they had in the past.

In September, 1921, occurred the opening of Peking Union Medical College, which marked the consumma-

tion of an enterprise begun six years before under the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. The occasion will go down in history as one of the most memorable in the history of missions. Many eminent visitors were present from Great Britain and America, besides guests from all parts of China. Ming-Kwong was happy in sending two. It was a brilliant assemblage. There were speeches, banquets, and a wonderful academic procession. The finished plant, with its fourteen splendid buildings under glistening, green-tiled Chinese roofs—especially appropriate on land once owned by a Manchu prince—were the last word in medical equipment. Students entering that college would have the most complete training; hospital patients might be assured of as perfect conditions as modern science could devise.

The missionary in charge of the little "Water of Life Hospital" on the outskirts of Ming-Kwong, wandered with keen appreciation and delight from building to building, yet was in no wise discouraged about his own work. Several years before, he had bought a rambling structure known as a Guild Hall and was gradually fitting up for hospital use section after section as circumstances permitted. The wards were not large and the private rooms were still smaller. But there was an abundance of fresh air; the brick floors and Chinese beds were as clean as soap and water could make them, while around the sides of the central court were massed rows upon rows of bright, blossoming plants. Sometimes when all the beds were filled, and still other poor sufferers begged for admission, the doctor hurriedly

SOCIAL HALL AND DORMITORY, YENCHING COLLEGE, PEKING

SOCIAL HALL WITH GYMNASIUM ON SECOND FLOOR; GINLING COLLEGE, NANKING

sent to the shops for extra beds. Always he managed to find room for one more. Once when sixty wounded soldiers were brought to the hospital, beds were set up for them in the former guest room of the Guild Hall. The wife of the governor and her four daughters-in-law exchanged their silk gowns for nurses' uniforms, and leaving the official residence went to the Water of Life Hospital to help nurse the men back to health. No, the doctor was not disheartened by what he saw in Peking. He realized that both plants, the great and the small, had their place. Each was fulfilling its own mission and neither could be spared.

Several sentences in a medical report which came to the hands of Father Gladden particularly arrested his attention. They were these: "China has often been called the fountain-head of epidemic diseases." "Many communicable diseases which have been put under control in other countries still prevail unchecked to an alarming extent in China." "Health Education is better than Health Legislation; it is Slower but Surer." Then a little farther on, "The promotion of health education is one of the most recent of missionary activities in China." "True, but thank the Lord it has made a good beginning and already reached Ming-Kwong!" exclaimed the old man fervently as he laid down the book.

The Council on Public Health, later called The Council on Health Education, was created in 1915 by the China Medical Missionary Association. In time other organizations were represented on the Council, the National Medical Association (Chinese), the Na-

tional Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and the China Christian Educational Association. This Council on Health Education is a very much alive body. It does things. For instance, books, bulletins and leaflets are constantly being published, millions of pages annually, and scattered broadcast. Many are wasted, of course, but some are read and make a dent in the reader's mind. Much use is made of posters, charts, likewise of lantern slides and the cinematograph, in which the Chinese delight. If, as scientists affirm, eighty-five per cent of man's impressions come through the eye, the pictures cannot fail to do an immense amount of good. There are also models and exhibits, relating to baby welfare, anti-blindness, tuberculosis, cholera prevention, flies, mosquitos, rats, etc., etc. It was always a joy to the Ming-Kwong people when one of these exhibits traveled their way. Tons and tons of material were hauled in boxes and crates up from the station in hand-drawn carts. It cost money to assemble it and still more to carry it from one end of China to the other, but it paid. The Chinese and foreign members of the Council on Health Education and their backers were not of the penny wise and pound foolish kind. They fully believed in disease prevention, and determined to spare no efforts to make China, in the matter of health, an example rather than a menace to the rest of the world.

Educational work, of late years, had gone rapidly forward in Ming-Kwong. Government schools were more numerous and better. Indeed, so excellent had they become under the improved system of education,

that certain Mission schools, less fully staffed and equipped, were pushed hard to keep pace with them. Strong emphasis was put on vocational and industrial education, for which there was an urgent call. In some of the leading cities were found large government universities, whose doors, with few exceptions, were open to women as well as men. Each provincial capital had its normal schools, some of them co-educational though as a rule co-education was confined to elementary schools and to colleges. The great intellectual awakening led in 1921 to the organization of The Chinese National Association for the Advancement of Education, whose best contribution, perhaps, to the good of the country was in simplifying the written language, so that general literature, instead of being above the comprehension of the common people, was brought within their reach.

"Since government schools are functioning so well, just what place is there in China for Mission schools?" The question was asked by a Western visitor in Ming-Kwong of the missionary, Mr. Brightman. He replied by quoting a few sentences from the Report of the Educational Commission, composed of educators from the West and China, both Chinese and foreigners, who in the winter of 1921-22 spent five months in an exhaustive study of educational institutions and work in China: "Evangelism is supremely important. But evangelism itself will fail if there are not schools in which to produce evangelists....." "If Christian education fails, the growing stream of non-Christian education and of anti-Christian influence will sub-

merge the Christian movement....." "It is not yet settled whether Christian education is to be the determining force.....in Chinese life. On the answer to this question will largely hang the decision whether China will become a Christian nation, perhaps the stronghold of Christianity in future centuries."

Mr. Brightman went on to tell of a Sunday afternoon meeting he had attended recently in the home of a Chinese clergyman in Peking. "It is a service held every week in the interest of Christian members of the Cabinet and other high government officials, their wives and daughters being also privileged to attend. The Sunday I was in Peking for y-four were present, among them the well-known Christian General Feng Yu Hsiang who had motored ten miles to the city from his military camp. A cabinet member led the meeting. As I looked around on the group, some of whom I knew personally and nearly all by reputation, I was interested to note that the large majority were either alumni or former students of mission institutions. At the close of the service, tea and small cakes were passed around, and incidentally I could not help being impressed with the charming way in which the clergyman's wife fulfilled the duties of hostess, moving modestly but freely among her guests with a gracious word and smile for all. She as well as her noble husband, who instituted this service and is its mainstay and inspiration, are the product of mission schools."

The missionary introduced his friend to the Christian president of a large non-Christian university, Dr.

Liu, who invited the Occidental to dine at his home. While enjoying a variety of toothsome dainties—where can be found such lavish entertainers as the Chinese!—they engaged in an interesting conversation. "I became a Christian while a student in a Mission school," said Dr. Liu, "and am convinced that Christianity is the only thing that can save China." "China has long reverenced scholarship," remarked the guest. "Yes, but education alone will not save us. Mr.—— was a great scholar, yet he proved a traitor to his country. In one way and another I daily bring Christianity to the attention of my students." "Do they make no objection, since this is not a Christian institution?" "I judge they do not from the fact that our newest buildings are already over-crowded." "But would a non-Christian president not look at this matter differently?" suggested the visitor. "Why should even a non-Christian not have Christianity taught in his school if he has the real interests of his country at heart? As I said before, it is all that will save China."

A group of missionary women teachers were talking informally together one Saturday afternoon in Mother Gladden's parlor. "What becomes of your girl graduates?" asked a young peoples' national secretary who was spending a few days in the city. Countenances at once fell. "The loss is tragic!" ejaculated one. "Many leave us to go to their homes in other places. Some when they marry are lost sight of. We keep in touch with comparatively few." "If we could only do follow-up work and retain a hold on our Christians, anyway!" sighed white-haired Dorothea. "How

can we, with pressing duties demanding every minute of our time?" cried an eager voice. "Yet what heart have we to keep on with our school work, if some of our students, very many I sometimes fear, upon graduating slip back into the old grooves and old life?" "The thing that troubles me most is the influence of the returned students,"* spoke up a little woman in the corner. "They have a wonderful chance to help their country, yet most of them seem so frivolous and lacking in the very qualities necessary for right leadership. Their craze for the modern dance makes me tremble."

There was silence for a moment or two, then Mother Gladden's gentle voice was heard. "The things you have been saying are to an extent true, but, my Dears," and a smile broke over the beloved face, "I rather think you have been looking only on the dark side of the shield. Suppose we turn it over and see what we find. You haven't forgotten, have you, Constance, how your sixtieth birthday was celebrated by the Chinese last spring? It astonished you that the school alumnae came together in such numbers, for you had not believed so many were within hailing distance. You listed their occupations, so many wives and mothers, teachers, doctors, nurses, social and evangelistic workers, and were overjoyed at the result. Some of your sons-in-law, as you call the husbands of your girls, came with their wives, and were so manly, affectionate, and chivalrous that you were deeply touched." Constance nodded assent with swimming eyes and Mother Gladden went on. "You were good enough to let me read a few of the letters you received from for-

*Young men and women who have received their education in the Occident.

mer students unable to be present. There was Dr. Tsao, who resolutely turned her back on a coveted opening to study in America, that she might respond to a call to take charge of a woman's hospital in Chungking, West China, where the missionaries write she has captured the hearts of all in the city, from the highest to the lowest. You had a letter from Wei-ching, now a nurse in one of the Manchurian Plague Prevention hospitals which Dr. Wu Lien Teh is superintending so efficiently. She is the girl, I happen to know, who begged not to be sent to bed after she had been on night duty, till she had told a dying patient a little more about Jesus. One of the most interesting letters I read was from Pao-chu, the principal of a country boarding school in another province. In her modest way Pao-chu told how her work had gradually developed from a village day school of the humblest sort to its present status, the centre of thirty-two contributing village schools, all flourishing and well taught. The boarding school with its hundred and fifty pupils of elementary grade, is about to add a junior High School department with a strong course in Normal Training. Though a missionary started and helped on the enterprise, a large measure of its success is due to the untiring efforts of Pao-chu, who has poured her very life into it. If I remember correctly, her fellow-students pooh-poohed at her, because she, a High School graduate, should condescend to teach a country school, but I hear her example is having a very salutary influence."

"May I say something more if I am not tiring you?"

"Please, Mother Gladden, go right on," urged the listeners, and chairs were drawn a little closer. "You were speaking of your disappointment in many of the returned students. Let me remind you of some encouragements. When En-mei's first baby was born her husband wrote to one of their friends in the Mission, "The little stranger is named Lincoln after that great good man whose memory the world worships and will revere unto the last generation. If our boy by God's blessing approximates one millionth part of the virtues and character of his namesake, we, his parents, will feel we have done our duty." En-mei is greatly admired by our magistrate's wife, who asked that she adopt one of her young children, saying, 'you know how to care for it, and I do not.' 'No,' replied En-mei, 'I cannot adopt your baby for God gave it to you and meant that you should rear it. But if you would like to have me, I will gladly go to your home twice a week and show you how to bathe and feed it.' "

"Chuen-siang finds time, in the midst of many family cares, to be the helpful president of a woman's auxiliary in her church and to make numerous parish calls. I often find her at the bedside of the sick with flowers and loving, comforting words.

"Yung-mei, you remember, did not marry till she was nearly twenty-eight, because she would not wed any of the non-Christian though eligible young men her family almost forced upon her. But her prayers were at last answered and now the girl is the happy wife of a fine Christian man.

"We are all familiar with the case of Pao-yin, bril-

liant, beautiful, a born society leader. Her gifted husband expected to settle in Ming-Kwong, but Pao-yin objected. 'There are many schools, churches, hospitals, here,' said she, 'let us live where we are more needed.' So they have gone to distant Kansuh—buried themselves, their friends declare, but I am of the opinion they have chosen the better part."

"Mother Gladden, do tell us how we can keep our Christian girls from growing cold in the faith when they leave us?" begged a still anxious missionary. "Be sure they go from you more than nominal Christians. A genuine heart experience is not easily lost." "Is there not danger of making our schools too religious?" "Not if your religion is of the right, wholesome kind. Anna, suppose you give this company a little of your experience as you told it to me." Thus called on, a quiet woman who had scarcely spoken, began: "It is not my work; God inspired it and the girls took it up. They surprised me by asking if the recitations might not open with a few words of prayer or a hymn. It helped them so much, they said. When our new business office was ready to use, we held a short dedicatory service. We did the same thing with a faculty rest room. It came about most naturally. As there were a good many unconverted students, I suggested to the teachers that we divide the Christian girls among us and hold group meetings to pray for the non-Christians. It was not long before the girls were having meetings without us; we couldn't keep up with them. I would go to a room for something and find girls on their knees in prayer. All but seven in the school are

now Christians and these are held back chiefly through fear of non-Christian relatives. We are to have a baptismal service next Easter morning at six o'clock. If it is not too early, we should love to have you all come," and Anna turned a glowing face around the circle.

"I have always found it helped my girls greatly to take them occasionally at week-ends or in vacation time, on short evangelistic trips," said another one of the group. "They respond so quickly to such influences. Two of our most exclusive students, on returning from such an itinerary, declared they meant to be country missionaries. I am not sure it will come to pass, but they have certainly gained an experience that will enrich their whole lives." "I always enjoy sitting by my window early on Sunday afternoons and watching bevies of girls from your different schools pass by on their way to conduct Sunday Schools for poor children in different parts of the city," observed Mother Gladden. "And in the country, too!" corrected several in unison. "Do they ride or walk?" "Walk always, unless sometimes when it rains they use wheelbarrows. We have no money to spend on sedan chairs. The girls do not mind getting tired. They love the work." "It is not compulsory, I believe?" "Oh dear no! purely voluntary. But there are very few Christians among the older students who do not eagerly volunteer." Mother Gladden smiled, well pleased. She knew all these facts but liked to draw them out from the younger members of the mission.

"Are the prospects good for Daily Vacation Bible Schools this coming summer?" she asked. "Yes, indeed. Last year, you know, there were about seven hundred in all China, but now it looks as if we should have a considerable part of that number in our one province alone." "Do the students from your schools help in that work?" "Why, Mother Gladden, it is beautiful to see how many of our girls—and it is the same way with the boys—offer to teach classes. The Daily Vacation Bible Schools are immensely popular, too, with the children who attend them. When the heavy rains last summer flooded the southern part of Ming-Kwong we decided to close the school in that district, supposing the scholars could not get to it. But bless you, those undaunted youngsters climbed over the roofs of intervening houses and turned up at the usual hour. They had no idea of letting a little thing like flooded streets keep them away!"

"But to go back to the matter we were discussing a while ago, the graduates of our schools and young people in general beyond school age, what can we do for them?" It was the little woman in the corner who asked the question. Mother Gladden responded thoughtfully. "I am told that the faculty of one large school in a coast city has recently set aside a worker whose sole duty is to keep in touch with resident alumnae. We must, too, make use of the activities in connection with our Community centres." Turning to the Young People's secretary, she added, "You who are especially charged with the promotion of young people's work ought to be a distinct help here." "We

must not forget in this connection, the large contribution made by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A." interposed Hope. "Long before the churches took up Community work, these two organizations were doing it, and most effectively. They helped much in rousing the churches to work along the same lines." "How far is it wise to encourage young people, men and women—I am thinking especially of those who have never been abroad—to meet together socially?" asked a wide-awake member of the circle. Mother Gladden laughed. "We have made marvelous advances since my early days in China. Then all the churches were divided down the centre with high wooden partitions, the women entering their own side by a separate door. Now the partitions are gone though the men and women still sit on opposite sides of the church. But not always. I sometimes find whole families together in the middle pews and it does my heart good, just as it does to see them walking to church side by side, instead of the husband ahead with the wife and children trailing after him."

"That reminds me of a young people's social we tried to hold some years ago," chuckled Dorothea. "There was a gallery running around the church, and while the young men took the floor and played games, the young women watched them from above, then they exchanged places, the boys going into the gallery and the girls preempting the downstairs. The idea of the sexes joining in the evening's fun evidently never occurred to them, and I didn't dare suggest it." "Co-education is doing much to break down these

barriers," remarked someone; "we have it now in nearly all of the Mission elementary schools and colleges." "Which does not mean that the Chinese universally favor it," added another. "Yet women are not only permitted to teach in most of the higher government institutions, but their help is eagerly sought," protested the first. "Yes, but there are those who hold quite opposite views. On my recent visit to Shanghai I was talking with two prominent Chinese gentlemen who were strongly opposed to co-education. I asked them why and this is what the older said: "The whole of China is not ready morally for co-education. It may be well in certain institutions in the large cities. But their example leads schools in the interior, where thought is not so advanced, to copy them and it is a dangerous experiment." Turning to the other, a well known political leader, I put the question, "Do you disapprove of higher education for girls?" "Most assuredly not. I think they should have the best but not necessarily the same as is given in Western countries. Woman's education in China should aim above all things to produce good wives and mothers."

"And he was right," commented Mother Gladden. "What every nation needs most is good wives and mothers. But the modern Chinese girl rebels against such sentiments. They have too much the flavor of the old Confucian dogmas. I was not greatly surprised the other day to read from the pen of a Chinese woman editor of a woman's magazine, 'We should not consider wifehood and motherhood as our su-

preme object, but pursue higher education, for only in this way will independent leaders be developed.' The time was, not so very long ago, that every Chinese girl must marry whether she would or not; now many who are free to choose conceive it to be quite the thing to spurn matrimony."

"Is there not danger in this tendency, Mother Gladden?" and the troubled young face of a newcomer looked up at the older woman. "Decidedly! No one values more than I do our single Chinese women workers. How their numbers are growing—doctors, nurses, evangelists, Y. W. C. A. secretaries, teachers, social workers, business women! There is scarcely a profession that is not open to them or which they are not qualified to fill well. We simply could not get along without them. But that does not mean that China can do without wives and mothers, for the home is the foundation of any nation, and on the kind of homes she builds will depend the future weal or woe of the country. This is a critical time for the home in China. The revolutionary changes of the past few years have to an alarming degree shattered the old ideals, and unless Christian ideals are brought quickly in to take their place, I see nothing but disaster ahead."

Here the Young People's secretary spoke up. "As I travel about I am so often told that while prayer-meetings and church socials are well attended, it is rarely the case that married couples are present, for either one or the other is not a Christian." "That is sadly true here in Ming-Kwong also," responded Mother Gladden. Looking around the circle she con-

tinued earnestly—"Pray and work for the home as you never prayed and worked for anything before. If the husband is a Christian spare no effort to make the wife one; if the wife is a follower of Jesus, concentrate all your efforts on the husband."

"Can't the schools do much to train their students for home life and to inculcate right ideals?" Before Mother Gladden could reply the Young People's secretary spoke up eagerly, "I would like to answer that question by telling you about two schools I visited lately. One was a large boarding school of the Church Missionary Society in Foochow. Besides their book studies, these girls are taught not only to sew, cook garden, etc., but to draw plans of houses, school buildings and churches, to plaster and whitewash walls, and finally they are given practical demonstrations in house-building. The principal said to me, 'My pupils will soon be leaving school. Some may be the wives of preachers or business men in small places and it will be a great advantage for them to know how to build a house in the best and most economical way on any irregular plot of ground that chances to fall to them. Moreover, I am having a small building put up near the school in which groups of students are to take turns in living for a fortnight and keeping house. They must do all the work, which I shall inspect, and even have a little foundling in the home so that they may learn how to care for a baby.' "

"The gift my school alumnae made me on my sixtieth birthday," interrupted Constance, happily, "was a sum of money to build such a house on our school

grounds, for they knew it had long been a dear wish of my heart." When congratulations were over, the Secretary continued: "The other school I visited is popularly known as the School of Mothercraft. While a general education is given, the main purpose for which the school was founded, as the principal says, 'is to train women in the dignified profession of home-making.' The students, who include Christians and non-Christians, wives, maidens and concubines, are not allowed to greatly exceed fifty in number, as more than that make impossible the close personal touch for which the school stands. A part of the plan is that children up to eight years of age shall accompany their mothers, the little ones being divided between the nursery, kindergarten and primary school till study hours are over when each mother takes charge of her own offspring. All branches of home-making and mothercraft are taught. Emphasis is laid on character rather than scholarship, and a woman who is slow with her books, but excels in tidiness, patience, truthfulness, good management, receives special credit marks at the end of the term. While concubines are allowed to take the two-year course, they are given no certificate on graduation. This school is doing a remarkable work and I could not help wishing when I was in Huchow that it could be duplicated many times."

"Thank you for giving us this most interesting information," said Mother Gladden. "It has long been my feeling that missionary educators make a great mistake when in addition to academic work, they do

PEKING OCTOGENARIANS

not give their pupils, preferably under trained Chinese instructors, practical courses which will fit them for life as it must be lived. More of our schools—both for boys and girls—should have industrial departments, and I believe every school for girls should furnish some teaching in home-making. I am much pleased to hear that Yenching Woman's College in Peking has already added to its curriculum a course in Home Economics."

The Conference was about breaking up when one of the school principals asked, "Can you stay a few minutes longer while I tell you where my girls were yesterday afternoon?" "We should love to hear. Do tell us!" chimed a chorus of voices. "I took them to the athletic field to watch a game of baseball between the boys of the government and Mission Normal schools. The government students won but the sportsmanship of our boys was beyond praise. If they learn in school to be good sports, China will some day have cleaner, better politicians." "I have noticed the springy step of your girls," said the young people's secretary. "I suppose none of them ever had bound feet." "A few did, but all the credit for my girls' elastic gait cannot be given to natural-sized feet. Not so very long ago they used to drag them over the ground in a way that wore me all out whenever I went to walk with them. Finally I sent to the Y. W. C. A. School of Physical Training in Shanghai for a graduate teacher. She has been with us a year and behold the transformation! The way our girls play tennis and volley ball and jump and skip about the gymnasium

is amazing. I made it a point to visit the training school before sending one of our students there this year and was delighted with what I saw. The missionary heads of the school are earnest Christians who do much personal work outside of the Bible classes. I was present at the baptism of nine girls. Few of their students reach the end of the senior year without accepting Christianity, which is all the more remarkable because the majority are from non-Christian schools and homes."

By common consent the greatest single event in the history of missions in China since the days of Robert Morrison was the National Christian Conference of 1922. It opened on the fourth of May in Shanghai, immediately following the World's Student Christian Federation Conference in Peking, which for the first time had been held in China. One thousand delegates were present, half of them Chinese. Up from the balmy south and down from cold Manchuria they came, from the mountain fastnesses of the aborigines and beyond the rocky gorges of the Yangtze, from city and town, sandy plain and fertile valley. By every conveyance known to China and often for long, wearisome weeks at a stretch, men and women journeyed to the seat of the Conference, while each arriving steamer brought distinguished Mission Board secretaries and visitors from nearly all the countries of the world.

A Chinese called the meeting to order and announced the opening hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Father and Mother Gladden sat on a front seat and joined in the swelling tide of melody which seemed to carry them to the very gates of heaven:

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The hymn sheets were written in Mandarin, but those who did not understand Chinese sang in English or whatever their native language chanced to be, and there was no confusion of tongues, for all were one in spirit. It was the same throughout the Conference. Christians of many persuasions were present, yet the harmony that prevailed showed what unity there can be in diversity. China had now 6250 foreign missionaries, and 366,000 Protestant Christians, approximately seventy-six per cent of whom were found in small towns and villages. The number of communicants had since 1900 increased four-fold, a host indeed as compared with the handful at the time of the first Missionary Conference in 1877. Yet swarming millions on every side were still untouched, while out beyond stretched the almost unevangelized provinces of the west and southwest with the plains of Mongolia and the mountains of Thibet beckoning from afar. This truly was a season of rejoicing and thanksgiving

but not for putting off the Christian armor. Rather the missionary warrior buckled it on anew that he might soon fare forth to mightier conquests in the name of his conquering Lord.

Many notable achievements were witnessed at this historic gathering, but undoubtedly the greatest of all, and that for which the Conference of 1922 will be forever remembered, was the birth of the Chinese Christian Church. Christianity henceforth was destined to be, not a "foreign religion," but, in a new and very real sense, indigenous. The missionary would have the joy of seeing the rapid fulfillment of his long cherished hopes in the increase of Chinese leadership, and the consequent decrease of his own. Not that foreign missionaries were to be no longer needed and wanted. On the contrary their presence was conceded to be more necessary than ever. One of them explained the situation well when he said: "A houseboat on the upper reaches of the Yangtze has to be rowed and pushed along, but when it comes to the rapids, every ounce of strength is used to steer it away from the rocks. Steering, I take it, will be the principal work of missionaries in the future, and the most difficult and important they have ever done."

The sixtieth anniversary of the arrival of Father and Mother Gladden in China was made by the Ming-Kwong workers the occasion of a grand celebration in honor of the dear octogenarians, who chose to end their lives on the Mission field where they were universally beloved and venerated. During the day of the festivities Father Gladden became reminiscent and

favored his Chinese and foreign friends with a fascinating picture of a few of the many changes he had witnessed during his extended period of service. "For one thing," he said, "Chüfuhsien, in Shantung, the home of the Sage Confucius, and the stronghold of Confucianism, so long closed to Christian propaganda, is now the centre of a growing evangelistic work. The students in the Normal School there have manifested a genuine hunger for Bible teaching and very recently a group of non-Christian residents voluntarily made up a purse of sixty dollars to be used in furthering Christian work."

"Woman has doors of opportunity open to her never dreamed of sixty years ago. It is a common thing for her to address mixed audiences, and, by special invitation, even gatherings of men. At the National Christian Conference Chinese women often took the floor, and the only woman who presided over an open evening meeting was a Chinese, the subject being the "Chinese Home." Every educational advantage is given her. There are today in China, besides government and missionary co-educational institutions, two Christian Union Colleges for women, Yenching in Peking, formerly called the North China Union Women's College, but now affiliated with Peking University, and Ginling College in Nanking; also of more recent date, Hwa-nan College in Foochow, a school with a provisional *charter, under the Methodist Episcopal

*It is customary for a new institution to receive a provisional charter with the proviso that if at the end of five years the necessary requirements have been met in endowment, equipment and course of study, an absolute charter shall be granted.

Mission. The beautiful new buildings of the Ginling group were dedicated, as you know, in the autumn of 1923, and Yenching expects to move to its new plant in the near future, I believe."

"The profession of nursing, once utterly despised by the better class Chinese, is now so popular that at the meeting of the Nurses National Association of 1922, in the city of Hankow, three hundred and ninety-eight Chinese nurses, most of them women, came together from sixty-eight training schools scattered over China. Not only that, but the governor of the province, with a group of officials was an interested visitor at the Conference, while the chief magistrate of Canton went so far as to send six delegates all the way to Hankow and back at the public expense. In connection with the development of medical work, nothing rejoices me more than the hospital for the insane in Canton with its over seven hundred patients. This unique missionary institution—for it is the only one of its kind in China—is rendering a much needed service to a sadly abused and neglected class of people."

"The remarkable changes in Canton during recent years have greatly interested me. Robert Morrison would not know the city as it is today, with its many wide boulevards, handsome buildings, splendid schools, modern philanthropies, rushing automobiles and the active, progressive spirit generally prevalent. I was talking the other evening with one of our Ming-Kwong pastors who has just returned from a visit to the south, and he conceded the Cantonese to be the most wide-awake, progressive people in China, adding, 'We in

the north *talk* about doing things; they talk little but *do* them!' He also spoke of the fine institutional work he saw and was particularly impressed with the large use the churches make of their laymen. 'Good!' said I, 'let us have more of that in Ming-Kwong!' "

"I am thankful that temperance instruction is beginning in the schools. With the growing fondness of the Chinese for spirituous liquors imported from the West, unless something is done to stem the tide it will not be possible much longer for us to say we have never seen a drunken Chinese on the streets of our city."

"It does my heart good to hear of multiplying schools for the blind, of refuges for lepers, and to know that by the northern sea there is at least one home which shelters the deaf and dumb. I am following with great interest the courses the various Christian universities are giving in agriculture, sericulture, forestry and the like, which I hear are increasingly popular with students. Boone University at the capital city Wuchang is doing a distinctive work in its library training school which has already sent out eleven graduates, four of whom have positions in libraries in Peking. Their extension work reaches beyond the city to the rural districts, and two traveling libraries are kept busy visiting schools, community churches, and Y. M. C. A. social centres. There is a plan on foot to greatly enlarge this work and I hope it can be carried through."

"In all my years in China nothing along educational lines has impressed me more than the present mass

movement toward literacy. You are all familiar with the large use that has been made of the simplified form of writing known as "Phonetic Script," but a later and still more popular scheme is that of the one thousand selected Chinese "characters." I hear that the delegates at the last meeting of the National Educational Association went wildly enthusiastic over it. This most recent method simplifies learning while it retains the old-time symbols to which the Chinese people cling with a tenacious love. Series of text-books costing only two cents gold, a copy, have been issued, and the scheme already tested in a number of cities has produced astonishing results. At one place a stereopticon was used and enormously magnified characters and sentences were flashed on the screen. In this way a single teacher was able to instruct a class of two hundred and fifty, and most effectively too. Many prominent Chinese are dedicating their lives to this enterprise, and it really begins to look as if the ban of illiteracy would ere-long be lifted from China's millions.

"Before closing I must refer briefly to a few matters which are giving us all grave concern. The alarming revival of the opium habit, when it was almost stamped out in China, is too grievous for expression. Those chiefly to blame are lawless soldiers and military leaders who have forced the farmers in many places to plant the poppy that they might profit by the revenue. The fact that China is producing several times the amount of opium found in all the rest of the world, makes the traffic in it a problem calling for the united action of the nations."

RECENT MISSIONARY RECRUITS: NANKING LANGUAGE SCHOOL

"Modern industry with its attendant dangers, has invaded China. Thirty years ago this was a land of hand looms but now on every side we see springing up great factories, equipped with Western machinery, and making use to an appalling degree of child labor. Alas for the night as well as day shifts, sometimes stretching from twelve to fourteen and even sixteen hours! Much agitation on this subject of late, led, as you are aware, to a strong recommendation relating to the betterment of industrial conditions being presented to the National Christian Conference and heartily endorsed, which is the first time that the Christian Church of any nation has so early in its history voiced an opinion on such a question. The matter has not been dropped, for further action was taken in 1923 at the first meeting of the National Christian Council, the present missionary "clearing-house" as you know, for all China, and a standing committee, I am told, is having a remarkable influence with Shanghai mill owners, Chinese and foreign, which leads us to hope we may look for some radical changes in the near future."

"I must admit that during my long missionary experience, I have never known the country to be so torn with political strife, nor evil forces, like banditry, so uncontrolled and rampant. On the other hand, have you noticed that in spite of these disturbances trade is growing, industries booming, farmers in general going quietly on planting their seed and raising their crops, and laborers pursuing their daily toil? The real heart of old China is still sound, I believe. It often

cheers me to recall what I heard a well known scholar say with a show of emotion unusual in the Chinese: 'We shall find ourselves in time and set our house in order. During this transition period we beg you from the West not to lose faith in China and the Chinese people.' "

"But Father Gladden," spoke up a troubled young missionary, "what of the present day student movements, the New Thought, the Anti-Religious, so called, and others. Are they not likely to neutralize all the good that has been done?" The old man smiled, "The outlook is not entirely roseate; if it were, you and I would not be in China. Yet there is hope in the very movements to which you refer. When Christianity was weak and its influence small, it passed unnoticed in a large sense. The fact that it is now arresting public attention shows its strength. Non-Christians are alarmed; they suddenly become ardent Confucianists and Buddhists, spending millions of dollars repairing neglected temples and shrines. Besides, the youth of China are passing through a crisis in their thinking. It is a time of questioning, reasoning, doubting. All religions are under trial. 'It is not creeds but works we want,' they cry; 'not doctrine but lives we are studying,' and may God help us who name His name to stand the scrutiny well! Some one-time Christians, it is true, have renounced their faith, but those who have remained steadfast are the stronger for the testing, and can now say with an assurance they never experienced in the past, 'I *know* whom I have believed.' In spite, too, of the trend away from

Christianity in some quarters there is an unprecedented reaching out of the masses after Christ. Evangelists everywhere, Chinese and foreign, write or tell me this. People in all ranks of society realize they lack something essential; what it is, they cannot tell, but whatever it is, they want it."

In the pleasant days of spring a band of nearly a hundred Chinese student volunteers for the ministry gathered for their annual conference in the temple of The Sleeping Buddha, near Peking. The meetings closed Sunday night with the celebration of the Lord's Supper. In the Assembly Hall, long since cleared of its idols, an evergreen cross hung above the Communion table, already prepared for the sacrament. Quietly the people gathered, all of them Chinese except one or two Y. M. C. A. secretaries and Father Gladden. Through the open sides of the Hall the aged veteran looked out at the star-studded sky and listened to the soft soughing of the wind through the tops of the pine trees. Presently, from far away came the sound of choral singing. Louder it grew with each succeeding verse, till the vested choir, led by two young clergymen, finally reached the Hall, when the congregation arose and joined in the hymn:

"Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!"

Reverently the worshippers joined in the preliminary service, then knelt to receive the bread and wine.

Suddenly, in the hush, there broke upon the air the clang of the temple gong calling the priests in an adjoining courtyard to prayer. Over and over it sounded, harsh and insistent, but the Communion service continued without interruption. The gong had ceased its beating before the announcement of the closing hymn:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!"

The audience remained standing during the recessional, the singing growing fainter and more faint in the distance:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

It was long before Robert Gladden slept that night. "O Lord," he prayed, "I thank Thee for a triumphant faith! Let the temple gong sound, let the pagan religions revive, let the Anti-Christian movement do its utmost, 'they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' The Rock of Ages is under our feet, and thy promises are sure. The kingdoms of this world *shall* become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and that means China, the China for which I have given my life, redeemed and brought to Thee. May that day be hastened in its coming!"

"*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me*"

"*Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom*"

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